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JIMBO: THE CARTOON
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Jim McMahon 1986

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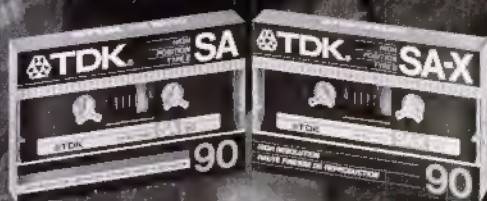
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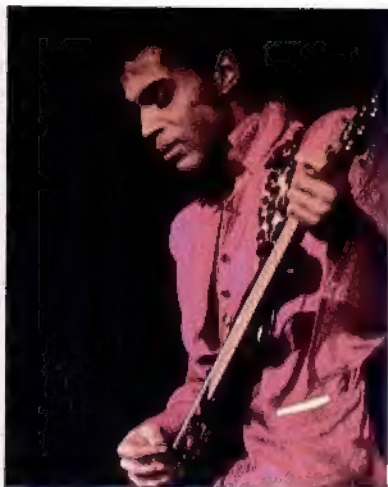
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Volume Two Number Four

July 1986

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Lou is something old, something new, a bad-boy legend, and a homeowner. The King of Cool takes off his shades. By Scott Cohen. 50

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How do you make a rock group hip? How do you make a hip-hop group rock? Aerosmith has a comeback, and Run-D.M.C. has crossover schemes. By Sue Cummings. 57

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Irrepressible rebel and king of Afrobeat, Fela Anikulapo-Kuti was imprisoned 18 months ago by the Nigerian government on trumped-up charges. Now he's free, in time to perform at the Amnesty International benefit concert. This is his first interview since his release. By Randall F. Gross. 62

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SPIN gave an anniversary party, and everybody came. By Glenn O'Brien. 69

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LIVE AID: THE TERRIBLE TRUTH

The dream is shattered in Ethiopia, where the government, under Russian direction, has used the good intentions, naivete, and blind enthusiasm of Bob Geldof's organization to pave the way to brutality and repression. By Robert Keating. 74

LIBERTY TALKS

Happy birthday! Lady Liberty is 100. Would she like a drink? Let's see some I.D. By Glenn O'Brien. 82

TOP SPIN

Who's Who, What's What, and Why

This is what is happening in Ethiopia: Ethiopians (from the government-controlled south) are slaughtering Ethiopians (from the rebel-dominated north) by the most effective method available to them: starvation.

Live Aid not only never had a chance of relieving famine in this east African country—because it grossly miscalculated or never took into consideration the true political climate of the civil-war besieged nation—it is actually a contributing factor to the genocide, albeit unwittingly. Relief food is being used as a magnet, drawing famine victims all over the vast north on “resettlement marches,” which ultimately and systematically kill them (at least 100,000 have already died). It is used far less to feed people. Evidence also shows that in some instances the Ethiopian government impounded relief food to feed and pay the army and sell to the Russians, from whom they have bought \$4 billion worth of arms. In other instances, food rots on the docks (the only part of the north controlled by the government), often simply because priority is given to unloading military equipment.

Band Aid's “Do They Know It's Christmas?” captured the imagination of Britain and America. The ideal behind it—the dream—was so pure and unselfish and oh so faintly plausible. A tiny voice raised against incalculable tragedy. Like the scene in *Casablanca* where all the guests at Rick's rise as one to sing “La Marseillaise” to drown out the Nazi officers who are also singing, it was the highest form of hopefulness because it was the remotest form of defiance.

Then came “We Are the World” and the tiny voice became a booming chorus and with Live Aid that became a thundering anthem and the world shook with its mighty sound and shuddered with its mighty implication. The basically uninspiring rhetoric that accompanied all of it, chiming along in the background like little bells, could not have been more inspiring.

Cynicism was drowned in the glorious cheers. We were the world, which by now had pretty much come to mean Live Aid, with us Americans including ourselves, and we were making a better world for everyone. We were absolutely sure of that.

We should have checked. “Live Aid: The Terrible Truth” (page 74), by Robert Keating, details what is going on in Ethiopia and the fatal flaw of Live Aid to fall too in love with its own arrogant idealism (and perhaps too drunk on the adulation) to realize that in Ethiopia all the money in the world isn't going to significantly change anything. Except, unfortunately, to help a remorseless government perpetuate mass murder.

Live Aid should have known, it was their inherent responsibility. And, once they knew, they should have told us. Not just because they owed us that, but so that we could have put the same awesome momentum into pressuring governments—especially ours—to find a way to make effective use of relief aid, and try to eliminate its horrific abuse.

Live Aid knows now. There are admissions of this from within the organization, coupled with the frustration of not knowing what else to do. Yet they continue to ask for money with the same blindly idealistic propaganda. Publicly, Live Aid still suggests everything will be all right, if we just keep feeding the fund-raising projects.

But, at the end of the day, is it a huge vanity we are feeding, ours as well as Live Aid's? Because until the real situation in Ethiopia either changes or can be circumvented, it's a huge mistake.

—Bob Guccione, Jr.

Top left: Lou Reed, cross-examined by Scott Cohen (p. 50). Top right: Bob Keating, who wrote the Live Aid story, and Nina Guccione (my sister), whose research broke the story and who collaborated with Bob on the piece. Bob's previous article for us was “To Live and Die in L.A.” Nina, like me, wandered the world aimlessly until she found SPIN. Middle: Fela is free! 18 months ago the immutable Nigerian rebel, who sculpted the amazing Afrobeat sound, was imprisoned on completely false charges. In late April he was released and on page 62 we publish his first interview since jail. Bottom: Jimbo, a cartoon strip, starts this month and threatens to appear every issue. Little is known about him.



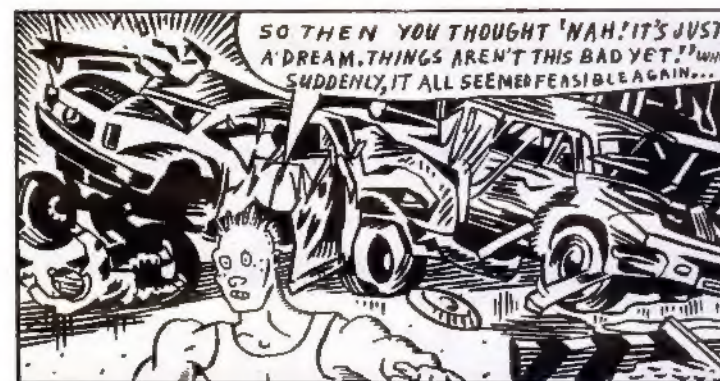
Bonny Schultz/Reino



Chris Carroll



Courtesy Calland Records



Gary Foster

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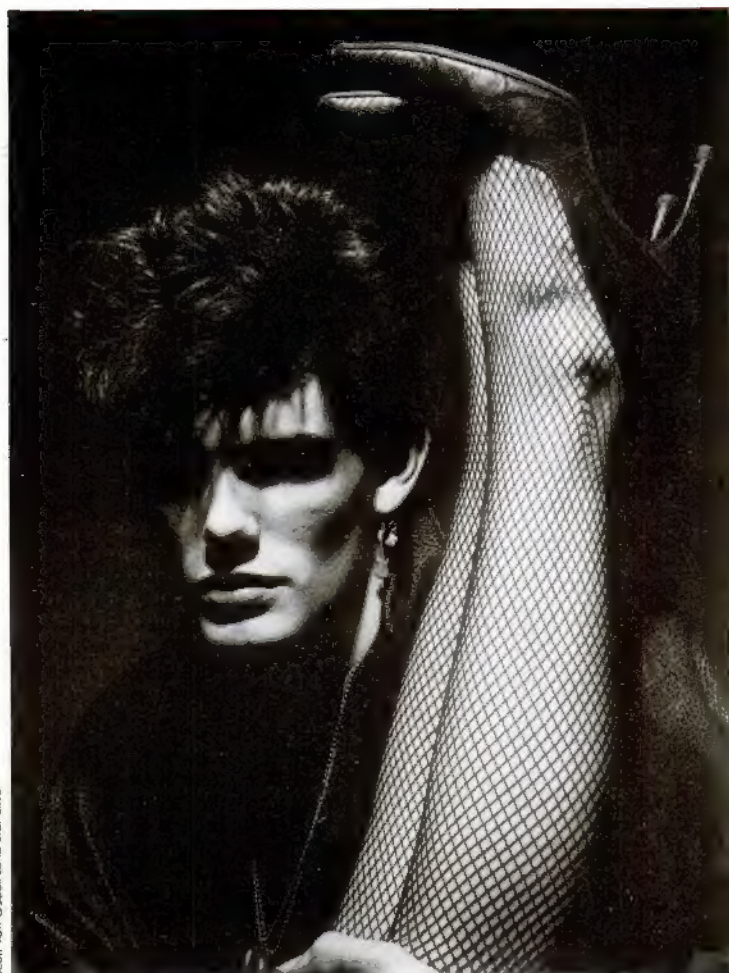


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POINT BLANK



Scott Van Orsdel/Luna Star Silver

Letters

Edited by Karen Dolan

Charlie Sexton

Keith Forsey's vice grip on Charlie Sexton's talent has squelched what was left of Sexton's originality ("Go, Charlie, Go," May). Forsey's "Don't worry—we'll use a drum machine" attitude will ultimately leave Sexton churning out album after album of regurgitated pop drivel. (Just ask Billy Idol.)

Sexton certainly knows how to play guitar, but it seems he's left the rest of his decisions to greedy people with flashing dollars signs for eyes. Maybe next time he won't change his mind about doing that "guitar record," and he'll get the recognition he deserves. I wonder what Sexton thinks of all this?

As long as MCA has the key to the padlock on his lips and Forsey's got the hype machine going full blast, we'll never know.

Vanessa Graeber
Valencia, CA

Down here on the Third Coast, we have known for a while that Keith Forsey is the mastermind who single-handedly took the once fresh, dynamic, and pure-as-a-rockabilly-baby's-ass musical style of Charlie Sexton and tampered with it so cotton-pickin' much it now sounds just like any other second-rate, sap-oozing, over-produced, generic, teenie-bopper arena band. But who in the name of corruption of a minor got hold of the poor kid and turned his physical appearance into some pitiful cross between a makeup-caked Duran Duran geek and a reject off the set of a George Romero flick? To anyone who had the pleasure of seeing the boy in his pre-Hollywood days, scorching the stage with Joe Ely or leading the charge himself with the Eager Beaver Boys, recent manifestations are tantamount to

Charlie Sexton's got legs—and knows how to use 'em.

taking Mama's prize rooster, plucking all its feathers, putting a blue ribbon on it, then putting it on the cover of *Farmer's Gazette* and calling it a success story. Not many folks down here are amused. To paraphrase my buddy Joe Bob Briggs: "Heads should roll!"

P.J. Cosman
Austin, TX

Another satisfied customer

Your practice of featuring artists and then slugging them is annoying—i.e., Blondie and the DKs. What is even more annoying is that you make money doing it. I guess shit sells. John Lydon had the right idea when he hung up the phone on you.

Disgusted in California

College radio

Readers should not believe that Andrea 'Enthal has FM listeners' best interests at heart, even when she cries that college radio is not serving "you and I." 'Enthal has a vision of her ideal radio station, and she selfishly used her pages in April's SPIN to chide a few people across the country into reconsidering their own attitudes toward college radio.

'Enthal encourages college radio not to play bands that exhibit one supposedly cancerous characteristic—a major-label contract. She wants your local college radio outlet to abandon Hüsker Dü to the void between college and AOR markets until they sink or swim. Listeners across the country would be extremely angry if R.E.M., the Jesus and Mary Chain, Elvis Costello, or the Sex Pistols (!) hadn't been played just because they hung around with the wrong people.

Scott Larsen
Music Director, KCPR
San Luis Obispo, CA

You really, really like us

After compromising my reputation by purchasing a publication graced with the annoying face of David Lee Roth, I had to debate whether I could deal with Charlie Sexton (17-year-olds who make it piss me off), but after I bought the May issue, I remembered why I like SPIN. I live for Batman and Declan

MacManus and Gordon Gano and Hunter Tompson and bad punk lyrics and Jim Morrison and Squirrel Bait and DC go-go. I hope Glenn O'Brien realizes that some of us pipsqueak aspiring people who write would just die to urinate in a Dublin pub where James Joyce use'ta hang and rap with Irish boys with real brains. Thank the supreme being for Glenn O'Brien and Ireland and the Pogues and Guinness stout and for a rag filled with a conglomeration of stuff made especially for 22-year-olds on my demented wavelength.

Batgirl O'Hara
Richmond, VA

John Lee Hooker

Bart Bull's article ("Messin' with the Hook," April) seemed a little more concerned with socks and style than with the music and the message of the music I've played for 50 years. And although I think Mr. Bull is a fan of the blues himself, his interpretation of what is important to me has been hurtful to myself and the people very close to me.

Anyone can have the blues, rich or poor, black or white, man or woman, young or old. And everyone has the right to sing them, too. Sometimes people get lost looking for the message just because it's so simple . . . I sing the blues because it's something we all have in common.

I think this basic thought was missed by Mr. Bull in his portrayal of what bluesmen have looked like, or what he thinks *other people* should look and act like. And none of that has a thing to do with the actual feeling and the actual music. If you've ever had the blues, and I know you have, you'll know what I'm talking about.

John Lee Hooker

He did say he'd written a few books

Bravo on Stephen King's article about Ricky Nelson ("Hello, Mary Lou, Goodbye Rick," April). He writes much better than his namesake.

Laura L. Bell

Ed.: Our mistake—we meant to say Carole King.

Correction

"Jackie Gleason Straight Up" (June) was written by Howard Rosenberg, not Harold Rosenberg. SPIN regrets the error.

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1986

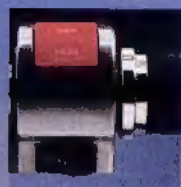
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FLASH

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GIRLSTALK!

FADE IN: Close-up of the Pandoras, the all-girl glam-garage band from Los Angeles. Paula Pierce, the group's singer, guitarist and songwriter, a tumble of blond curls and lace, is seen wrapping her coat around her guitar to keep it warm. Drummer Karen Blankfeld is silently peering into a Chinese dinner, bassist Kim Shattuck is pouring champagne. In the far corner of the dressing room, keyboard player Melanie Vammen is saying "I love you" into a pay phone. Off-camera, a voice is heard inquiring how the Pandoras gained their reputation as the easiest lay in rock 'n' roll.

PAULA (laughing huskily): We're not easy, we're not really hard. We pick up the boys we want. They don't come to us.

MELANIE: I think a lot of guys are afraid of us.

KIM: A lot of girls act like little wimps, (whining) 'Oh no, I don't know what he's gonna do.' Then the guy ends up being a jerk to them when the girl could turn it around and have him wrapped around her finger.

MELANIE: If you're a girl you don't have to act like a girl. Just act like yourself.

KIM: Like if you wanna burp and fart (obligingly demonstrates into the tape recorder).

PAULA: Marilyn Monroe burped and farted all the time.

MELANIE: If she could do it, we can do it. But yeah, a lot of guys are afraid of us. It's hard for them to come close to us.

PAULA: 'Cause they think we're just gonna use 'em and break their hearts. But we're not like that with all of them.

MELANIE: We can fall in love, too.

PAULA: Yeah, we have boyfriends in L.A. Believe it or not, the Pandoras do have boyfriends.

(Leafing through sex toy catalogue) A G-spot vibrator! A strap-on dildo! I wanna fuck my boyfriend up the ass with that one (pointing to picture of a wind-up penis). Oh look. This jumps! But no, I don't have the same boyfriend as a year ago. Are you

kidding?

MELANIE: You don't bring boyfriends on tour. They start trying to get involved in everything when it's none of their business. They get jealous of you and your success. We had a couple of guys come on tour with us...

KIM: It was the shits.

PAULA: (Eyes glinting): Millions of guys fall in love with us all the time.

MELANIE: Millions. Most of our audience are guys. A lot of them try to pound down the door backstage.

PAULA: I like guys of all ages, 16 to 40.

KIM: (Screaming): Brian Jones is one of the sexiest guys in rock 'n' roll. I know he's dead, but he's still sexy.

KAREN: Kim's a necrophiliac.

KIM: I like to bone bones.

MELANIE: How can you bone bones if you don't have a boner? (Puzzled silence.) There are three guys who are my ultimate sex gods: Robin Zander, Steven Pearcy, and Charlie Sexton.

KAREN: Mine are Tom Bailey, John Taylor, Nick Rhodes, and Simon Le Bon.

KIM: I only like dead people, but ... also ... Paul King, King, Sting, and Bing.

PAULA: I like Simon Le Bon. But I'm not that hot on guys in rock 'n' roll. They're good for one-night stands. The guys I like are wrestlers: Rowdy Roddy Piper and Brutus Beefcake.

KIM: I like David Letterman.

MELANIE: Kim's in love with David Letterman, so David ... watch out! I like the Morlocks. You can beat off listening to the Morlocks (makes masturbatory motion). I cheated on every boyfriend except this one.

PAULA: I've never had any boyfriends I didn't cheat on, but on this one ... I guess I've only mindcheated.

KIM: Well, even Jimmy Carter lusted in his heart.

PAULA: Being onstage is really sexual. You have sex with everybody in the audience. You



Paula (above); (L-R) Kim, Karen, Melanie, and Paula.

mindfuck people then.

KIM: It's better than the best orgasm.

PAULA: But we're not some novelty cutesy girl group. We're a real band. Most guys say things like 'I can't believe how male you are, how raw and raunchy.' From them that's a compliment. You know, if we weren't girls ...

KIM: We'd be guys.

—Sukey Pett



Jelley Newbury

MONSTER SMASH

Thelonus Monster's debut album, *Baby... You're Bummin' My Life Out in a Supreme Fashion*, has been reaping high praise from all sorts of serious rock critics. One reviewer even compared it to *Exile on Main Street* and the New York Dolls' *Too Much Too Soon*.

Sure, eye-bending cover art by "Fab 5" Freddy Braithwaite hallucinates on the record's exterior, while assistance from loads of other bands reverberates on the inside (even Budweiser receives a credit on the LP) ... but who would have thought that the Monster would be the next critically acclaimed thing?

Like many bands, TM started out having a helluva time arguing, breaking microphones, partying, buying 29¢ records, and making R.E.M. and John Cougar the butt of all jokes. Back then, they called themselves Thelonus Monster Meilencamp.

They've since shortened their name, and the title of the poignant love song, "Why Don't You Blow Me and the Rest of the Band?," but the music remains. Astonishing verdict: (1) The Monster totally rocks out; (2) Bob Forrest can actually sing; and (3) this band wasn't just some hobby of Forrest's between being a roodie for the Red Hot Chili Peppers, an avid Replacements fan, and known mouth around Hollywood.

Guitarists Dix Denney and K.K. are no strangers



Vanessa Adams

to popularity: They secured a place in punk-rock history years ago via seminal L.A. bands the Weirdos and the Screemers, respectively. Chris Handsone is the taken communist/student and a new employee with the State Court of Appeals. Aside from Handsone and Denney, all the other Monsters actually work in the film industry. Bob Forrest "moves stuff around movie sets," K.K. is a set decorator, Jan Huck serves as a soundman for video and film, new drummer Pete Haskell takes on art-direction jobs, and motion-control photography is Stobaugh's area of expertise.

That fun-loving Monster style remains unaffected by the odd combination of being employed early-risers and notorious press darlings. The boys are always ready to wail with their trademark medley, "Louie Louie," PiL's "Public Image," and the Germs' "Shutdown." They once coped with an opening band's long, boring set by plugging their amps into the laundromat next door and blaring away. The ever-diplomatic Forrest tried to calm down the upset club owner by lifting his long granny dress and flashing his manhood.

In response to critics' raves and gushes over *Baby... You're Bummin'*, the next Thelonus Monster record will include a sarcastic tune about rock critics and stardom entitled "Takin' It Too Serious." Forrest, meanwhile, is philosophical about his success: "It doesn't matter if you're bad, just don't be boring!"

—Stella

How to Be a Rock Critic

The first, and most important, step toward becoming a rock critic is to look like a rock critic. Everything else—an aggravated sense of self-worth, a good nose for a free meal, a fascination with one's own opinions, a desire to inflict them on the rest of the world—everything else will follow naturally. But first you need the wardrobe. Fortunately, this is very simple. Like car mechanics, air hostesses, prison inmates, baseball stars, and striptease artists, rock critics have their own professional uniform, and they observe it strictly.

SHOES: The basic sneaker. Converse All-Stars and Pro-Keds are the preferred brands—designer names like Fila and Reebok are considered too fashionable. Sneaks should always be old and dirty, ideally the same pair worn while flunking out of school, thus reminding the critic of the time when rock 'n' roll invaded his soul. Sneakers are usually laced in the traditional, crisscross pattern, though critics who have interviewed Run D.M.C. sometimes affect the B-Boy style of lacing, with broad, parallel loops and a concealed knot. Their colleagues snigger at this, however, because they don't understand why their shoes don't fall off.

TROUSERS: Although 1984 (The Year of the Boss) triggered a movement toward Levi 501s, most critics have now returned to basic black jeans. The reason for this is that 501s need frequent washing to look good, and rock critics don't often wash their clothes. Black jeans should always be a size too large, so that they bunch at the ankles, bag at the knees, and hang off the seat.

JACKET: The generic thrift-store suit jacket, either tweed or wool, is the best bet, especially if it's shapeless and an unattractive color. Acceptable alternatives: a blue, gray, or green sharkskin jacket (for modern types and Huey

Lewis fans); padded baseball jacket (for failed jocks); heavily-zipped black leather jackets (for those whose last coherent memory occurred at C.B.G.B. in 1979). Apprentice rock critics sometimes sport black-satin tour jackets, but this is an error. Once they've been mistaken for record-company accountants, they realize this, too.

SHIRT: Though rock critics recently began to discover paisley, the simple proletarian check work-shirt remains the favorite. In summer this can be substituted with a lighter cotton shirt. The crucial thing with either is that it be worn unbuttoned, to reveal:

T-SHIRT: The single most important item in any rock critic's wardrobe. Unlike rock photographers, who carry big aluminum camera cases, critics have few places to display either their current tastes or their collection of backstage passes. Therefore, it's important that T-shirts shouldn't be general-issue items picked up from the local rock-novelty store; they need a specially inscribed, I-was-there, insider's validity. Write "Access All Areas" on them yourself if you can't find the real thing. But the real challenge is in choosing which bands to advertise. Standard critic-faves like Sonic Youth, Robyn Hitchcock, or Black Flag are OK, but predictable. The real trick is to find a band poised between profound squareness and total coolness. Thus, in 1984, rock critics wore Z.Z. Top and, in 1985, Motorhead. The new hipness of heavy metal (which critics don't actually listen to) has widened the T-shirt gamut: Everything from Metallica and Slayer to Led Zeppelin is cool. An especially good choice for 1986 is a W.A.S.P. T-shirt, in that it neatly combines irony (they're really bad) with a moral statement (the PMRC really agrees).

—James Truman



Kate Simon

Are These Not Men?

Two members of Depeche Mode are toying with their vegetarian lunch in a London pub. They are considering their macho quotient. Andy Fletcher (six foot three, horrible glasses, leather jacket) announces: "Yes, I'm very macho. I've always been a bit of a male chauvinist."

Martin Gore (chipped black nail varnish, eyeliner, candy-floss blond hair) grins. "I'm not at all," he says cheerfully.

"I would say Dave (Gahan, singer) is quite macho," Andy expands. "But Martin isn't—he's the songwriter and that comes over."

It certainly does. Even when surrounded by his macho pals, Martin Gore turns out songs that are little voyages through the troubled waters of life. From the jingle of "The Meaning of Love" to the slow burn of their latest single, "A Question of Lust," Gore's songs have redefined Depeche Mode as that rarest of commodities, the intelligent pop band.

Now six years old, Depeche Mode began life as just another English electro-pop band. With ex-member Vince Clarke (who left to form Yazoo), they produced charming and chirpy hits like "New Life" and "Just Can't Get Enough." When Clarke departed, Depeche Mode found themselves without a songwriter and saddled with an image as New Romantic fops. "We came across really badly," Martin recalls. "We did things that we're now quite embarrassed about. The small things—the way we presented ourselves, the things we said in interviews. We were just too honest."

In response, the other members elected Martin songwriter, gave him a

raise, and recorded *A Broken Frame*. Released in 1982, the LP revealed a more mature Depeche Mode, both musically and lyrically. While it might not have gripped the hearts of the world, it boosted the band's standing and paved the way for better things. Depeche Mode discovered Berlin; they discovered metal-bashers Einstürzende Neubauten; Martin Gore discovered a social conscience. The immediate result was *Construction Time Again*, a record infused with percussive showers of steel, a hard-as-nails pop crunch, and lyrics that showed a developing intelligence. Of course, they were not the first band to do this sort of thing. But for a synthesizer band with black nail varnish and an audience largely composed of screaming teenage girls, it was something new. And it turned Depeche Mode into worldwide pop stars. Germany and the Far East have fallen; France and America are next. Critics no longer round on them as a matter of course, and even if the British press continues to be patronizing toward them, they don't care.

American Sade fans can see Depeche Mode this summer, when they tour in support of their fine new album, *Black Celebration*. The band likes America. "People seem to understand us there," says Martin. "There seems to be a bond that you just don't get in England."

How touching.

—David Quantick

Depeche Mode: (L-R) Dave Gahan, Martin Gore, Andy Fletcher, and Alan Wilder.



Courtesy of Sire Records

Yakety Yak

"If people knew how to take me all-the-way serious, in two years, time I'd be all-the-way over."

—George Clinton

"I had a great time, they had a great golf course."

—Frank Sinatra, on playing Sun City



Laura Levine

GREEN ON RED BLUES

Green on Red are like cowboys on acid. Before they were Green on Red, Dan Stuart (vocals/guitar), Jack Waterson (bass), and Chris Cacavas (keyboards) were the Serfers. Then they got mixed up in the L.A. paisley underground. The mournful vocals and roller-rink organ of Green on Red's first EP were compared to the Doors, and their debut LP, *Gas, Food, Lodging*, was compared to Dylan and Neil Young. Their new mini-LP, *No Free Lunch*, may have a little too much Van Morrison in it, but who's complaining? It's their best yet.

We asked Dan Stuart what else, besides lunch, isn't free anymore.

FREEDOM: "There is no freedom, just different levels of captivity. When you go to Berlin, there's the wall. The wall on the western side is totally graffitied up and is the most beautiful thing. When you look over it, at the eastern side, all you see is gray, and you just get this feeling, no, not for me. Then again, the level of freedom changes. Like, this isn't a free country. Justice is different for different people. If a black man kills a black man, he gets three or four years. If he kills a white man, he gets ten years. Plato said the best kind of government is a benevolent dictatorship. That doesn't offend me at all."

FREE LOVE: "Love is what you get more than what you give. People fall in love not to make somebody else happy, but to make themselves happy. I've been living with the same woman for the last seven years. I left New York on an airplane, and I get to London and she doesn't want me anymore. The record company was going to fly all the girlfriends and wives to Amsterdam for a week in the middle of this tour, and I'm over there spending a hundred dollars a day trying to track her down. Like I say, love is a selfish thing. I couldn't live without her, but maybe she would be better off without some jet-setting bum, some pseudosongwriter who's gone six months of the year and can't even pay the rent. What am I giving her? That's love, but it's certainly not free."

FREE TRADE: "I got into music because I didn't want to be a lawyer. Now I spend half my time talking to lawyers, managers, and accountants. In terms of businesses, music has got to be the sleaziest. But every time you don't handle it yourself, you're going to get screwed."

FREE ADVICE: "People tell you what you want to hear and do what they want to do."

FREEBASE: "Everybody pays for freebase. As if people didn't have big enough egos already, there has to be cocaine."

FREE FALLING: "When you put the rope over the banister and you kick the chair over, maybe you're free then and maybe five minutes later. You're free until you land."

—Scott Cohen



Douglas Hopkins

ANTON FIERCE

"Cigarettes will kill you," says Anton Fier. The drummer/leader of the Golden Palominos takes out his last Camel and lights it. "I tell myself so many things get done because of me. If only I could quit smoking." He crumples up the empty pack and dumps it in an ashtray. "There," he says. "I did it."

Fier is no stranger to contests of the will. "I'm bankrolling this project through Celluloid Records," he says very earnestly. "I lost \$20,000 on the last tour. The other day I came the closest I'll ever come to breaking up the band." The Palominos are recording a third album, using much of the same lineup as their second, *Visions of Excess*. "We had a session," he continues, "for which I paid union scale [\$150]. And certain people, who shall remain nameless, were complaining that it wasn't enough. They were saying, 'I'm getting offers now.' And I said, 'The reason you're getting offers is maybe because of the record and the tour we just did. Before that, no one knew who you were.'"

Fier himself has been hot property as a session man for many years, playing with Harbie Hancock, Yoko Ono, Mick Jagger, and Laurie Anderson. Fier, as well as bassist Bill Laswell, could make a living playing in other people's bands. One might wonder why he bothers having his own. "Being a bandleader, there are a million other things to do. But on a good night when we play, it justifies the whole thing — the loss of money, the bullshit I have to deal with from other musicians, the record company, managers, booking agents... I've never had my own band, and I enjoy being able to actualize something that's in my head. I couldn't do it without the others, but it's about pleasing myself."

One advantage of not operating a band as a democracy is that creative decisions are made quickly and consistently. For *Visions of Excess*, the singers — R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe, P.O.D.'s John Lydon, Arto Lindsay, and newcomer Syd Straw — wrote and recorded their contributions separately, under Fier's supervision. "The singer comes to me with the words. I will say, 'This works, this doesn't work, change that.' I'm brutally honest with people, and I'm very grateful that they're able to take it."

The Palominos have been ruled by this form of benevolent dictatorship since their first album and lineup, from which only Arto Lindsay remains. This strict definition of roles has left Fier, as leader, free to transform completely the band's identity, which in only two albums shifted from an improvisational, post-no-wave ensemble to a driving pop synchronism. Fier's watchful eye has freed the players to "sit there and play." Contributions by Cream's Jack Bruce, the dB's Chris Stills, Bernie Worrell, Jody Harris, Henry Kaiser, Mike Hampton, Carla Bley, and Richard Thompson made *Visions* a fresher rock album than one that might have been made by an "organic" band.

Expect no drastic changes for the Palominos' third album, due out by fall. "I'm not finished with this band yet," says Fier. After dedicating *Visions* to Led Zeppelin's John Bonham, he's been reading *Hammer of the Gods*. ("Incredible book — right up there with the Bible.") The Palominos' last tour inspired Fier to hire a manager who will relieve him of some of his burdens and get the group better treatment on the road. "It's got to be Peter Grant or no one," says Fier. "I respect a man with power."

But Anton, you say, that's not your style. He's used to paying \$20,000 on a tour for trashed hotel rooms. "But if someone needs to get their legs broken, he'll do it."

—Sue Cummings

TANGERINE DREAMING

Before Eno, before Ultravox, before Eurythmics, there was Tangerine Dream.

Formed in 1967, Tangerine Dream originally belonged to that generation of German groups tagged Krautrockers. But unlike their contemporaries—Amon Düül II, Guru Guru—TD quickly shifted their focus away from rock to tonal and modular electronic music. Nevertheless, in keeping with the period, their intention was to "create beautiful music which would free the listener from the affects of aggression, hate, and despair, giving him joy and hope."

Today they score Hollywood movies. From music meant to facilitate meditation, they've moved on to massaging moviegoer's pressure points. Is this a contradiction? "Not all," says Edgar Froese, TD's leader. "In the beginning, we were more or less interested in spiritual things. Like a lot of people around '68 we made... interior journeys, almost as a matter of procedure. What we were doing wasn't that much out-of-this-world, though. We simply translated our daily reality of that period into the music. But we were always told it was very visual."

And so it remains. Their electronics have proven remarkably adaptable. Free of the baroque pomposity of a Vangelis or cartoon Gothicism of Giorgio Moroder, TD's cool, elegant scores mesh neatly with the texture of much contemporary cinema. Their modulated rhythms can simulate the chill of sweat prickling the skin in William Friedkin's *Sorcerer*; a quickening pulse raises the tension in Michael (Miami Vice) Mann's *Thief*. And their work on a comedy like *Risky Business*

or a contemporary drama like *Heartbreakers* demonstrates the range of emotional applications locked in their electronic circuits.

Working mostly in their Berlin studio, tailoring their scores to rough cuts flown in from Hollywood, their relationship with their new patrons has been a largely happy one. "For most of the films we've done, we haven't had to compromise or screw our consciousness up too much," says Froese. The exception was Ridley Scott's *Legend*, in which a Jon Anderson vocal was added to one of their tracks to disastrous effect.

But mostly, they can't complain. Tangerine Dream's entry into the movie world has blessed them with a new lease on life.

"In general you can go two ways," postulates Froese. "You can aim for a chartbuster... [pause while those who've heard TD's early sound simulations of a warm-air current fall about laughing]... or you try to grow a second leg to your career. Well, we've got used to being independent of the record business and its bullshit pressures. Movie soundtracks were our way of staying independent without having to prostitute ourselves."

Nevertheless, the band's latest flurry of activity is noncinematic: Their new LP, *Underwater Sunlight*, was released on May 30; the band will be touring the US and Canada through June; and *In The Beginning*, a box-set of their first five albums, has just been put out by Relativity Records. Like their early endless instrumentals, this career seems set to run and run.

—Chris Bohn



TD: (L-R) Edgar Froese, Paul Haslinger, and Chris Franke

Monique Froese

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Do you have any aliases?

KIM WILSON (vocals, harmonica): I was Galita Slim once, as in Galita, California. And I was also Chesterfield King.

What jobs have you held down?

KIM: I was a post-hole digger. I used to haul steel for a machine shop. I worked in a 7-Eleven. I worked various construction jobs. And I was a Rayne Soft Water man. Water's real weird in California so they have to soften it. That was a horrible job. That was the last job I held.

What do you do on the plane?

JIMMIE VAUGHAN (guitar): Sleep.

What's the best beer?

JIMMIE: English beer.

What's the worst beer?

KIM: Lone Star.

What brand of athletic shoes do you wear?

KIM: I wear Nikes and Ponys.

JIMMIE: Converse black high-tops.

What band do you wish you had been in?

JIMMIE: Roomful of Blues. Ray Charles's band.

How many corporations are you an officer of?

KIM: Only one at this moment.

JIMMIE: One.

Do you collect anything?

JIMMIE: Old hot-rod magazines and steel guitars.

What's the best bar?

KIM: Antone's in Austin.

JIMMIE: Antone's.

What's the best bar band?

KIM: The Antones, the house band at Antone's.

JIMMIE: The Fabulous Thunderbirds and then the Antones.

What do you think about Bobby Ewing coming back from the dead?

KIM: I think he ought to stay dead.

JIMMIE: He shouldn't bother coming back.

Are you into the Texas Rangers or the Houston Astros?

KIM: The Astros all the way.

JIMMIE: The Rangers.

Who's your favorite Astro?

KIM: Dickie Thon.

What temperature do you set your thermostat at?

KIM: I've got it at about 62 degrees right now. I like it cold, dark, and noiseless.

What's the furthest thing from your mind?

KIM: It's so far away I can't tell you what it is.

What's the cure for the blues?

KIM: The blues.



Andrew W. Long

JIMMIE: Rock 'n' roll.

Do you bowl?

KIM: Yeah. And a promoter in Detroit gave us all custom balls.

What's your average?

KIM: About 140, 150.

JIMMIE: I don't have one.

What color are your balls?

KIM: It's kind of coppery, sparkley stuff.

JIMMIE: Aqua.

Do you like being called 'sir'?

KIM: Sure.

JIMMIE: No, it makes me feel old.

Have you ever taken antihistamines and operated machinery?

KIM: Yes.

What's in your freezer at home?

JIMMIE: Budan, red sauce, and ice cream.

What are you most proud of?

JIMMIE: My family.

—Glenn O'Brien

Vernon Reid and the Black Rock Coalition



Jeanine Jawick

After playing in Defunkt, the Contortions, James White and the Blacks, and Ronald Shannon Jackson's Decoding Society, 27-year-old guitarist Vernon Reid didn't look forward to perpetuating the formulas that pass for mainstream black pop these days. So he formed the Black Rock Coalition, an as yet fuzzily defined support group for alternative black musicians.

"If you asked any ten people off the street," he explains, "black or white, Puerto Rican, Chinese—'What's a rock band look like?' they'd probably say blond, long hair, white. That's most people is a rock band. Our organization is a direct challenge to that mentality: the Black Rock Coalition. Part of our goal is to attack that imagery. Because first, rock is black music. Rock is everyone's music, but the origins of rock are black. And there's no way you can get around that."

The coalition draws its inspiration from the music of Chuck Berry, Sly Stone, Jimi Hendrix, James Brown, and P-Funk. But like all stories of rock and racism, this one begins with an Elvis rap. "Take Elvis, right?" obliges Reid, a London-born Brooklynite with inch-long braids rising to a flattop on his head. "Rock 'n' roll took off in the country when Elvis presented it. Like a lot of the rock artists from the '60s, the Beatles, Stones, and in the early '70s, Led Zeppelin, got a lot from blues artists. Recently, what you see is white artists doing things that are very rap- and funk-influenced crossing over into black markets and doing very well. Like you see Tears for Fears not even really doing a record that's funky, 'Shout,' but the record was huge in black markets.

"But that kind of thing is not happening for black

artists that are doing rock. It hasn't translated back the other way. Looking at Prince—that's the single example. There's a feeling that Prince did it, so you should be satisfied." The Black Rock Coalition manifesto calls this cultural borrowing "pimping," but doesn't condemn it, to the group's credit. Instead, the coalition claims "the right to do the same."

Within the BRC, Reid leads by example. His band, Living Color, plays hard psychedelic rock that, while sometimes too explicit about its black rock lineage, challenges the urban/contemporary definition of what a black pop band sounds like. "It's just the right of an artist," he says, "not to be told, 'Well, we don't think this is black.' That's a bottom line issue: Who defines what black is? The companies look at Living Color, and they see that this is a bunch of black males playing music that's got power chords and big beats, and they say, 'We feel that our audience won't be able to deal with it.' It's steering you. If you're black you're going to play R&B."

"Artistically, black pop is close to being dead, perilously close. Our options have been getting narrower since the middle '70s. When I was in high school, I had a lot to look at for role models. I was learning about Coltrane and Paul Robeson and Eric Dolphy and Hendrix and James Brown and Malcolm X, all at the same time. I'm looking at the next generation; there could be a group of artists for them to look to that are working differently." And that group, Reid hopes, will be the BRC.

Anyone wishing to contact the Black Rock Coalition can write them at P.O. Box 1054, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276.

—John Leland



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RAUNCHY BUSINESS

Though the name and sound imply otherwise, the Raunch Hands are about as southern as a potato knish. Based in New York and hailing from the suburbs, the band has shucked its own roots and appropriated some new ones, creating a raucous sound that takes traditional American influences—rockabilly, swing, country and western—and infuses them with a nasty aura. Tempered with sleazy macho posturing, the Raunch Hands approximate a frat-boy version of the Cramps.

Unlike a lot of rockabilly-inspired bands, however, the Raunch Hands don't wear their influences like Confederate patches on Civil War fatigues. "It's not like this music has been in our blood for our whole lives or anything," says guitarist Mike Mariconda. "I don't even like Hank Williams; I just happen to appreciate the gut-level simplicity of that kind of music. I hate those cow-punk bands that go around preaching about how great American music is. They're full of shit if they deny being influenced by the Beatles and the Rolling Stones."

While they obviously have not grown up on white lightning and hand-rolled smokes, the Raunch Hands aren't exactly big-city sophisticates, either. Raunch Hands sets have been marked by drunken fans raving about the band being even sloppier than the Replacements—and able to hold just as much liquor.

Having gained experience with late-night gigs in front of semicomatose but appreciative audiences—"At four in the morning a lot of things sound good," cracks drummer Vince Brnicevic—the band has embarked on a couple of small-scale tours and just released its first LP, *Learning To Whap-A-Dang*. On record, the sound is considerably subdued by Raunch Hands standards, lacking the reckless mania of live



Marty Perez

shows. Watching the band onstage is like getting lassoed into honky-tonk heaven, where the tap never runs dry and there are plenty of cowgirls to go around.

Lyricaly, the Raunch Hands avoid subtleties, writing songs that would make any women's libber cringe with disgust and raise a toast from tomcats everywhere. With words like "A man needs a woman to ease his pain/It just can't be denied/But if you want to marry a girl with a brain/Brother, it ain't been tried" they're not likely to get invited to the next NOW rally. "Chandler [the vocalist] writes most of the lyrics, and he knows how to use sarcasm, as any good writer should," Mariconda says with a hint of bored defen-

The Raunch Hands: (L-R) Mike Tchong, George Sulley, Mike Chandler, Vince Brnicevic, and Mike Mariconda.

siveness. "We're not a very stance-y band as far as the role that women play in society. We really could care less about that. We may reflect it, but we don't preach it. I mean, there are a lot of guys who feel that way about women."

Looking for message music that will change your life? Look somewhere else. The Raunch Hands are here to party. They'll supply the music, you bring the beer.

—Michael Kaplan

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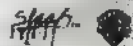
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FLASHES

California Uber Alles: Vice Squad detectives recently raided warehouses in Los Angeles and San Francisco to **confiscate posters** accompanying the Dead Kennedys' *Frankenchrist* LP. The poster, by noted illustrator H.R. Giger, depicts scenes of heavy copulation. Copies of the record containing the poster are **still on sale** in record stores, but hurry, hurry: they will soon become **collector's items**.

They never did this for Elvis: more than 30 Japanese teenagers have committed suicide following the death of **teen singing star** Yukiko Okada, who leapt off a Tokyo office building in April. The piece of sidewalk where Yukiko had her **last hit** has become a shrine.

Miami Vice: The Game is now on sale. A board game for two to four players, it features cars, criminals, and Detectives **Crockett** and **Tubbs**. Lovers of authenticity should note that it features neither **cocaine** nor **hair mousse** . . . Expect major sales in Colombia, where the Television Vigilance Commission is trying to **ban the show**, on the grounds that it presents a bad image of Colombians.

Photographers trying to shoot **awesome rock band** Heart on their recent tour had their cameras **snatched** and film **impounded** by roving security guards. We're sure that this has nothing at all to do with the fact that singer Ann Wilson is now so **fat** she looks like a heifer.

From the **horse's mouth**: The Mr. Ed television theme played backwards **does not** contain Satanic messages, as claimed by an Ohio church group. "Mr. Ed is the **last word** in sacred," Big Bucks Burnett, president of the Mr. Ed Fan Club, assures us. "I was even **baptized** in a Mr. Ed T-shirt."

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SOUL Boy

Simply Red is the sound of Sly Stone, Aretha, Miles, and Motown, the savvy blues of British kids on the dole.

Heaven is a place where nothing ever happens," sings David Byrne. Heaven in this Talking Heads song is a bar, probably a singles bar, where the band plays your favorite song over and over again, all night long. "Heaven" is about the pressure of the modern world, about seeking relief in boredom. Then Simply Red recorded "Heaven" and took it back 20 years. Lead singer Mick Hucknall's plaintive tenor made it a spiritual, a gospel number.

"The way the Talking Heads do it on *Fear of Music* seems very cynical," says Hucknall. "I liked it because of that, but it was difficult to get the same feeling over with the lineup that I had. We just did it in the way that

suited us." That style pays homage to a roster of black American influences like Sly Stone, Aretha Franklin, Miles Davis, and Motown. A 26-year-old soul boy from Manchester, England, Hucknall grew up on the sounds of Detroit and Memphis. The US release of Simply Red's first album, *Picture Book*, brings to the band a growing following and the prospect of some travel in America. "I'd like to check out Detroit and Memphis one day," says Hucknall.

The Sound of Young Britain has been raised on the Sound of Young America. Though Hucknall claims that Simply Red "aligns itself with no one," a generation of performers such as Paul Young, Alison Moyet, Fine Young Cannibals, and the Blow Monkeys also

acknowledge having the same roots. And Simply Red, like Sade and Working Week, while they rarely improvise, reflect the "old jazz" as Hucknall calls it, with an almost nostalgic, *Cotton Club* flash.

At sound check in New York, it's Cab Calloway, no, Mick Hucknall striding across the stage in wing-tip oxfords, broad-brimmed hat, suspenders, white shirt, baggy silk suit. Guitarist Sylvan Richardson expresses regrets that their New York gig is not timed for the band to catch Miles Davis's show. They talk

Below: Look, it's Cab Calloway—no, Mick Hucknall.

Article by Sue Cummings



Simon Fowler

Black & White
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Simon Fowler

about opening for James Brown earlier this year at London's Hammersmith Odeon: "You don't really do a concert with him, you're just the support," says Hucknall.

Onstage the cold that plagued Hucknall earlier seems to disappear. "Here is a song by a band you might know, New York," he says, introducing "Heaven." Hucknall's charisma carries the show (the band is workmanlike). He beams a cherubic grin to the balcony, and tosses his big Boy George hat off stage as if to say, "Look how wonderful I am."

Hucknall deejayed at a club in Manchester for three years while going to art school. "I played a lot of soul, James Brown. I'm a James Brown freak, really. And I played a lot of dub, rockers reggae from about '74 to '78. That was the period I really liked, the most creative period. I liked Coxsone Dowd, Lee Perry, King Tubby, Big Youth, Burning Spear. I think the band listen to dub and jazz more than standard soul music. We listen to a lot of old jazz like Mingus, Miles, Coltrane."

"I first started buying records when I was 11. But I knew all the old stuff 'cause I used to sing to me aunts. Just sing all the time. I did my first gig when I was six, at an auntie's wedding, with an adult band behind me. I think I sang 'I Wanna Hold Your Hand.'"

(Immediately after this sentimental slice of bio, imagine Mick's picture then. Note the radiant copper spirals cascading across his forehead—simply red, right? Now imagine those limpid blue eyes set in a 6-year-old's face, the nose smaller, the freckled cheeks a little fuller. With less hair he must have looked something like the Gerber baby. May we have a round of sighs.)

"My father was very cynical about me getting involved with this band. Because I was in another band [the Frantic Elevators] for three years and never made any money. I was on the dole."

The Valentine Brothers record "Money's Too Tight to Mention," discovered by Mick while he was deejaying, sparked his interest in fronting a band that could

"American music is the music that was there in my hometown when I was a child. It was as much our music."

play R & B/jazz/soul-inflected pop. Hucknall started Simply Red in the beginning of '84, and the lineup, extended with sax, trumpet, keyboards, and a percussionist, was solidified a year later. "I did the hiring and firing," he says. In 1985, Simply Red's version of the song was the band's first single.

And "Holding Back the Years," the second single, penned by Hucknall with lyrics like "Holding back the tears/'Cause nothing here has grown" is an autobiographical account of hard times. "I absolutely think that the situation in England encourages a lot of good music. Kids on the dole have the time, and develop the determination as well. After a while you say, 'I want to get out. I don't want to be unemployed for the rest of my life.' So what if I didn't sing in my father's church like Aretha Franklin? I'm from a working class background. I don't think you can make any big deal out of being American music. It's the music that was there in my hometown when I was a child. It was as if we were in the suburbs of Detroit, we heard it so much. It was as much our music."

Picture Book, produced by Stewart Levine (of B.B. King fame and Quincy Jones's son-in-law), has been meeting all the right people. Lamont Dozier of Motown's famed Holland-Dozier-Holland songwriting team heard the album and became interested in collaborating with Mick. While in LA, Hucknall spent a day writing two songs with Dozier.

"We sat around the piano, did a lot of laughing. I don't know what the songs are called yet, but they'll probably be on the next album. I think the next LP will be more personal stuff than just about politics."

Simply Red are simply commercial, and they make no apologies for it. "At the time," says Hucknall, "I wanted to make an album full of singles, so I could

choose any. And that's still my philosophy. I see it as pop music more than anything else—pop music that's got a little more taste."

This regard for class is nowhere more evident than in *Picture Book's* slick, adult/contemporary arrangements. "Sad Old Red" is martini music—the walking bass line, finger pops, lounge-lizard guitar flourishes, and a horn line that belongs in a spy movie soundtrack. "Look at You Now" has a tight, hard, Earth, Wind and Fire groove, and "Come to My Aid" features dense layers of snappy brass, keyboards, and congas.

Not content to starve as cult artists, Simply Red are yuppies by the average British fashion victim's standards, as upwardly mobile as Berry Gordy's discoveries struggling in the nightclubs of Detroit, and already dressing sharp enough not to need a term at Gordy's famed charm school.

Simply Red are revising this American tradition according to the British working class experience, with a youthful sense of style and a savvy attitude toward political reality. Mick is especially willing to discuss politics whenever the subject drifts in that direction.

"Prince, Stevie Wonder, and all the American groups have pulled out of the festival we were scheduled to play with them in Germany. Apparently it's because of the Libyan thing. I think Reagan made a stupid move, a mistake. He must have been in a very difficult position. I understand why he did it, but I don't think he's achieved what he thought he would. He'd been trying to get the Europeans to impose trade sanctions for 18 months. It seems that the Europeans are starting to come around now, starting to impose trade sanctions against Libya, which is good. That's the best way of getting rid of terrorism."

For Simply Red, the politics of dancing are the politics of feeling good. It might seem like escapism until you consider how their version of "Money's Too Tight" amends the original's meaning. "I'm talkin' 'bout Ronnie, Ronnie," sings Hucknall. "I'm talkin' 'bout that dollar bill/And that old man who's over the hill." Leave it to the London art-college reactionaries to keep the faith of cultural terrorism. A Manchester soul boy's device may be conservative, but his reality is on the cutting edge.

Simply Red: (from left) Chris Joyce, Tim Kellest, Sylvan Richardson, Fritz McIntyre, Tony Bowers, (center) Mick Hucknall.



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Whodini, Hüsker Dü, Soul Asylum, Culture Club, the Ventures, Metallica, Wendy O. Williams, Possessed, Mosaic Jazz box sets, Naked Raygun, Big Black

Edited by Richard Gehr

Platter du Jour

Whodini
Back in Black
Jive

With the possible exception of thrash-by-numbers hardcore, there's no musical subgenre more artistically dead (and deadening) than black pop. Freddie Jackson, Ready for the World, Lionel Richie: Are these the heirs to the Motown and Philly International legacies? The upwardly mobile pabulum passed off as urban-contemporary radio is bland background music for a consumerist fantasy that always rings hollow: You're promised satiny sensuality, but end up sucking Colt 45.

Back in Black is a great black pop album. With producer Larry Smith, Whodini has crafted nine lean singles for an AM radio that exists only in our minds. It's all there: The requisite shitty love ballad, the hooks and choruses that just won't quit, the rehashes from the last album, the song where the guy stops in the name of love (the love he saves may be his own).

Jalil and Ecstasy contend that as a rap group they don't need no band. But it's Smith's clean, precise music that makes *Back in Black* so arresting. He starts with simple melodic songs, then strips away everything but the beat and the counterpoint. Letting the rappers carry the melody—with Whodini that isn't a contradiction—he punctuates ■ with sparse electronic riffs, chilled down to ■ bleak computerized neutrality. This is funk in negation, funk with the sweaty core pulled out and the

periphery sharpened into surgical spikes. Like Laurie Anderson, Smith makes the spaces hit as hard as the sounds. His fundamental conservatism is more like Motown's than, say, Five Star's—adhering to formal limits rather than trying to cover all bases.

Back in Black is, despite some celebratory studsman-ship, predominantly downbeat: Sex is never as simple as it seems, each generation is destined to fuck up in the same way, and people are always going to try to ice your originality. An orthodox optimism always swoops down, deus ex machina, to avert despair (remember, this is a conservative pop record), but the album ends with the rappers in the lurch, speak-singing, "When we gonna get to the good part (good part) / Get down to the good part (good part) / When we gonna get to the good part (good part) / When we gonna get to it?" Escapism denied.

The heyday of black pop was the era of independent black producers. If you think those producers are gone forever, check this album out.

— John Leland

Whodini (L-R, Jalil, Ecstasy, and Grandmaster D) wonder when they're gonna get to the good part.



The Ventures

The Best of the Ventures
Compleat Records

When Western history enshrines its pantheon of cultural whiteness vectors, the Ventures will doubtless receive a place of conspicuous honor, right alongside guys like Bing Crosby, Pat Boone, Donnie and Marie, and Laurie Anderson. The quality of whiteness is far more than a mere pigmentary imperative—it's a rigidly controlled state of self-delusion ruled by the polyester-gloved iron fists of politeness, good taste, and suppression of desire. Like the Osmonds themselves, it's all smiles and no teeth—but with bite enough to emasculate rock'n'roll into pop.

The Brits (master imperialists) might have invented whiteness, and Yanks might've applied the tools of mass production (from the Model T to the Big Mac), but the true spiritual home of whiteness is California, and its theme music is the twanging guitars of the early '60s when everything was fun, fun, fun, indeed.

Though originally from the Pacific Northwest, the Ventures' musical hearts resided at the sun-bleached beach parties of southern California. They struck gold with their first release, the self-produced "Walk Don't Run" (financial assistance provided by guitarist Don Wilson's mom), in the fall of 1960, and with only minor personnel shuffling in the intervening quarter century have carried on with only the slightest acknowledgement of change.

Unlike other of their guitar-music purveying contemporaries (like Link Wray or Duane Eddy), the Ventures offered not so much a distinctive sound or style, but the reassuring clarity of complete anonymity. They excelled at appropriating others' songs (the Surfaris' "Wipe Out," Booker T.'s "Green Onions," the Tornados' "Telstar") and rendering them exquisitely flavorless, turning exotica such as Duke Ellington's "Caravan" into comfortably digestible ear chow. Their last "hit," the theme to *Hawaii Five-O*, proved, not surprisingly, to be perfect Ventures fodder.

The final irony of this budget-priced, two-record set of 27 precision-produced Venturous tunes is that it don't even include the original sides. The boys're-recorded them all in 1980, I suppose to insure their absolute uniformity of sound. Somehow, it makes sense. White on white, you might say.

— Lou Stathis

Hüsker Dü

Candy Apple Grey
Warner Bros.

Dü be Dü be Dü, as new next-door label-mate Hoboken Frank likes to say. The Hüskers have joined forces with the true hard corporation, a leap from indie salvation to major-label faith that's often found bands scissored between their own uncompromising rock and a hard place (X marks the spot).

For Hüsker Dü, the rite of passage comes at a fortuitous time. Their previous album, *Flip Your Wig*, found Minneapolis's most powerful trio refining their pop thrash to maximum intensity, all the while realizing that encroaching stardom was bound to deliver mixed blessings. "No matter what I choose / I'm the one they want to use," a bittersweet Grant Hart sang on the title cut.

With *Candy Apple Grey*, the Hüskers choose to choose. They still amp it up with the best of them, but such songs as "I Don't Know for Sure" and "Dead Set on Destruction" seem more reassuringly familiar—almost nostalgic—than break-

neck confrontations with life's multi-contradictions. "Crystal," which opens the album in a wash of white noise, retains a ferocity that finds Bob Mould howling wordlessly into a Sensurround chaos. Still, the band long ago served notice of its refusal to be defined by the frenzied conventions of such early classics as "Bricklayer" and "From the Gut."

Like the backhanded compliment the album's title implies, this music takes strength from contradiction. The Beatles' "Ticket to Ride" is so effortlessly quoted in "Don't Want to Know If You Are Lonely," it's ingrained in the song's precision control, a melodic aside to let you know, yes, this is how they *intend* to play. Rather than def and dumb primeval ooze emerging from hardcore's paleolithic mud, Hüsker Dü are pretty self-aware.

Which is why, after Hart's rousing "Sorry Somehow"—an upwardly mobile pop song even for these prototeen idols, dangling Hammond and all—the entrance of Mould's solo acoustic guitar in "Too Far Down" is hardly out of context. The song's unrelieved gloom isn't lightened by a hint of irony. It's hard to believe

that Mould could lay his emotional life so nakedly on the line: "All I can do is sit and wonder if it's going to end / Or if I should just go away forever." The song's chill starkness is matched by the melancholia of "Hardly Getting Over It," another ballad of fear and loss, fear of loss, and resigned despair, all resting on a nailed bed of strummed guitars and metalflake piano.

"No Promise Have I Made," Hart guarantees, speaking for the band, facing up to the inevitable "you facing me betrayed." Hüsker Dü fans know the only expectations belong to Hüsker Dü. "All This I've Done for You," adds Mould simply. "Sometimes I don't know why you want to try and help me." Few performers have ever depicted the call-and-response between artist and audience in such unadorned couplets of existential need. Opposites attract.

— Lenny Kaye

Hüsker dudes (L-R) Greg Norton, Bob Mould, and Grant Hart.



Elizabeth McLoughlin

The Complete Black Lion and
Vogue Recordings of **Thelonious
Monk**

The Complete Candid Recordings
of **Charles Mingus**

The Complete Blue Note
Recordings of the **Tina Brooks
Quintets**

The Complete **Edmund Hall/
James P. Johnson/Sidney
De Paris/Vic Dickenson**

Blue Note Sessions

The Complete Blue Note
Recordings of **Sidney Bechet**

Mosaic

When it comes to music, I can't say I've ever liked boxes. Even PIL's mind-blowingly great *Metal Box*, which I still love and own in its original canister, I don't think I've physically played once since Warners put it out as an easy-handle mere two-record set. More than two I have trouble relating to. They're harder to memorize, to instant-access individual cuts off of, to just plain hold and fuss with as discrete unit-packaged icons of socio-sonic whatever. And that's with only like three discs. Put four-five-six in a box and even the most diehard, the most tricky, slippery, and compelling of musical Pandoras will (says me) have hardtimes functionally emerging.

Which is a shame and a pity when you've got compellers of the stature and oompah of the folks encapsulated — in most instances — in these boxes, all of 'em sixes or fours. The weighty third release of the limited-edition, mail-order only Mosaic label (197 Strawberry Hill Ave., Stamford, CT 06902, 203-327-7111), they stack up more than favorably, side for side, cut for cut, with the finest of jazz-spew by any label, anywhere, in the past 12 months. An incredibly high percentage, in fact — sides, cuts — are must-hear/must-have from the merry gitgo, but is it really necessary to acquire so much bulk just to hear/have some, any or even most — especially when most practiced ears for such stuff have in all likelihood already got a good deal of the any, and even a neophyte could scan bins (domestic, import, cut-out) and sequentially, in single-unit thrusts, piece together an approximation of almost the all?

And I'm not even bitching about price (\$51 for the sixes, \$34 for the fours); if I didn't blow the whistle on *Metal Box's* dialectic of property, why should I blow it on this? Nor is it that I foresmell the tragedy of ownership that compact discs (and the demise of groove/stylus players) will inevitably wreak. I probably would bitch (only I got them all free), and I do think CD tragedy is written all over these remarkable sets, but... well, I guess that actually about exhausts my misgivings: lemme get down to reviewing the stuff.

Monk. OK, from a keyboard-only standpoint this is even more essential than Mosaic's Blue Note Monk box; it's keyboard only. Solos and trios, 6½ sidesworth stemming from this authentic motherfucking genius's final ('71) studio session, including total-fuggingly amazing self-"revisions" of such decades-ear-

lier masterworks as "Little Rootie Tootie" (played as a ballad, with only the slightest cutesy sort of hint of the tune's bang!bang!bang! i.d.) and "Jackie-ing" (done as a discordant, minimalist parody of a march). Also thrown in is his previously unreleased nine-minute warm-up for that session, this beautiful thing called "Chordially," as great a piece of Unheard Music as that whole side of "Round Midnight" on Milestone — greater even — cause it's not specific-melody-indexed; nowhere else in his recorded legacy do you get as prolonged a use of space unconditioned by the demands of conventional (even Monk-conventional) "song."

Mingus. OK, his first Atlantic period was sensational; his first Columbia period was terrific; his LPs for Debut, Bethlehem, Impulse, Mercury, and even Savoy were pretty fab too. But Candid was his first small-band studio period with Eric Dolphy, which puts this stack of goodies on a whole nuther musical plain. Dolphy wailing hell and gone on "Stormy Weather," "Original Faubus Fables," and "Folk Forms No. 1," wailing alongside Roy Eldridge on a previously unissued "Body and Soul" that is as good as it gets. Plus: the unissued, never-again-recorded Mingus composition "Bugs," which

Thelonious Monk—an authentic motherfucking genius.

sounds sort of like "Confirmation" or "Oleo" or one of those, with Charles McPherson role-playing Bird as well as he or anybody else ever did on a recorded version of "Reincarnation of a Lovebird" (also included).

Tina Brooks. Who, a better-than-average turn-of-the-'60s tenorist, died before his time. So these guys, looking to construct a case for his being undersung if not downright undeservedly un-, assemble 'n' press not only unissued cuts and sides but whole entire unreleased albums. Which makes for a listening experience vastly different from what you get with the rest of these boxes, but still, why not just get the nascent Blue Note (with whom Mosaic's Michael Cuscuna is more than gratuitously affiliated) to just simply issue 'em as long-gestated single units? Brooks was a good deal superior to Stanley Turrentine or Junior Cook (for instance), he in all likelihood was even let's say a viable alternate Hank Mobley, but how much of a public case do you make for such contender status by banishing cuts as fine as "Good Old Soul" and "Theme for Doris" to one side among eight — as opposed to

one among two?

Hall/Johnson/De Paris/etc. With an, um, outstanding supporting cast including the likes of Charlie Christian (on acoustic guitar, with clarinetist Hall's 1941 Celeste Quartet), Ben Webster, Harry Carney (soloing! soloing!), Teddy Wilson, and Red Norvo. Last side's a great '78 session by a 1952 Vic Dickenson organ quartet. As six-record potpourris go, this one is the goingest going.

Bechet. Granted, the man's importance is seminal (definer of the saxophone before Coleman Hawkins; the literal source of Johnny Hodges, not to mention Steve Lacy; Mr. Vibrato; Mr. Intensity; one of the great rhythmic hornplayers of all time), but these 12 sides are hardly the most representative cross section of his ultimate greatness and grandeur. Aside from the six clarinet duets with Albert Nicholas, which go down as easy as cool pudding, some passable stabs at communion with Bunk Johnson, and "Summertime," "Blue Horizon," and the rest of what can easily be got from *Sidney Bechet Jazz Classics* (vol. 1 & 2), all too much of this smacks of — dare I say it? — '40s/'50s dixieland hokum... Wild Bill Davison indeed!

—Richard Meltzer



Chuck Stewart

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Monica Dee

Naked Raygun

All Rise
Homestead

Big Black

Atomizer
Homestead

Lately it seems that Chicago is all but teeming with bands containing sufficient raw power to bend steel with their bare hands while remaining flexible enough to pick up a dime. Recordings and live shows verify that some extremely high-caliber pumice-grinding is being carried out by bands hailing from the Hog Butcher to the World. And as luck would have it, the two oinkin'est boars in the pen have just spit out new wax.

Naked Raygun's *All Rise* is easily the group's best record yet. It collects a fat-to-burstin' pant-load of tunes the band's been burnin' the roofs offa clubgoers with these last few years, and *Judas Hell*, is it choice. Place the stylus in the groove, and Eric Spicer's drums combine with Pierre Kezdy's bass to mimic and then forcibly disrupt your central nervous system's rhythm (buh-buh-up, buh-buh-up . . . BLAM). Meanwhile John Hagerty's guitar transforms the entire second wave of Anglo-punk guitar heroics into a huge crowbar swinging willfully at your weakest link. Weaving through this backyard long-pork barbecue, Jeff Pezzati's words and tongue lob large, threatenin'

nuggets of nondenominational malice at you, your life-style, and the country "that persecuted the Weavers." When he says, "I am the peacemaker/I'll pound sand right up your ass," you don't dare doubt him, you just say "Yes, sir" and buy the friggin' record.

Another essential purchase is Big Black's *Atomizer*. Big Black is guitarist/vocalist Steve Albini, bassist Dave Riley, and guitarist Santiago Durango (a founding member of Naked Raygun). You'll notice no drummer listed, and I herewith beg to inform you that Big Black is the only band in the known world that has ever made a Roland drum machine sound good. In the course of a representative tune, the Roland sets its roots down, and three sets of strings scrape great, long pustulating lines on the face of the twisting granite monolith it erects, while Albini bellows challenges incongruous to his shrimpy physique. The head-poundin' pressure of "Kerosene" (about sexual release in small towns), the blarin' aggression of "Fists of Love" (about . . .), and the righteous ronk of all the other tracks deliver the bacon with both mitts. If you tried to say different, even your mom would brand you a lyin' cuss.

—Byron Coley

Naked Raygun with buddies Thurston Moore (left) and Steve Fallon (back).

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IMPORTS

Spring Ahead, Fall Down

Cheer up, it's spring, and time once again for another bunch of flower-power imports, courtesy of HEINEKEN IMPORTED BEER.

But first, cheer back down with *Paint Your Wagon* (Red Rhino), the first LP by England's popular **Red Lorry Yellow Lorry**, whose unhappy lyrics (e.g., "I need you like a hole in the head") are well offset by an intense grey wall of factory-steel guitars and pile-driving rhythms.

French group **Alesia Cosmos** ■ definitely an art band of a different smell. Their three-sided album *Aeroproducts* (Hat



Art) is ■ vast electronic circus of real and synthesized sounds that transform new ideas and old rock into intriguing and occasionally disturbing cabaretlike ditties.

BRIEF JAZZMANIC VACATIONS: Sadly, the music of America's greatest jazz artists rarely emanates from these shores, reaching us instead by way of places like Italy and Germany, where people know better. Fortunately, PolyGram Special Imports (8110 Seventh Ave., New York, NY 10019) knows better too, and makes the following hep sides available to one and all: Chaotically compelling pianist **Cecil Taylor** strides further into the mythological cosmos on *Winged Serpent (Sliding Quadrants)* (Soul Note, Italy). He's joined by an all-star Orchestra of Two Continents . . . *The Sixth Sense* (Black Saint, Italy) by pianist **Don Pullen's Quintet** is a dynamic, eclectic revelation that could turn out to be the jazz LP of the year. It's that much fun . . . Saxophonist **Steve Coleman** and group's *Motherland Pulse* (JMT, Germany) swings hard in numerous Southern styles. I'd eat fried chicken to it any day.

—Bob Cameray



ADVERTISEMENT



Possessed
Seven Churches
Combat



Wendy O. Williams
Kommander of Kaos
Gigasaurus



Metallica
Master of Puppets
Elektra

As metal mythology goes, Metallica is generally credited with spawning 220-beats-per-minute head-bangin' speedmetal. The group's third and latest LP, however, is mixed news, because while it's nice (relatively speaking) that Metallica's scored a major-label deal, they've at the same time eschewed a good portion of their *Kill 'em All* sensibility and replaced it with corporate-deathburger-influenced "creative direction." Most glaring in this respect are throwaway cuts "Welcome Home (Sanitarium)," a nice sort of ballad for Chrissakes; "Orion," ■ Sabbath/Uriah Heepish opus; and the execrable guitar noodling of the title track. Even more confusing, three tracks clock in at over eight minutes, a trait usually exhibited only by pompous art-rockers.

Metallica tries to inject an "intellectual" angle into the new material by tackling such diverse topics as the sociopolitical impact of drug abuse (it ain't hip anymore) or the senseless drafting of young kids. Of the eight tracks, only "Battery," "Damage, Inc.," and "Disposable Heroes" create an atmosphere of teeth-grinding metal damage, with plenty of machine-pistol scale-cranking and freight-train drumming. The other tracks tend to be less focused and occasionally yawn-inspiring. Die-hard Metallica zealots will no doubt holler "sell-out!" with this one in spite of its superb production and the band's attempt to inject what they perceive to be new ideas into HM's codified context. I expected quite a bit from *Master of Puppets*, something on the order of a bent-metal Punch and Judy show, but received about half the money's worth.

In the case of Wendy O. Williams and her latest slice o' wax, she and her new band (nary an original Plasmatic in sight) deliver the goods in ■ fully erect style reminiscent of early Scorpions. *Kommander* comes as unrelievedly good news, especially after her last couple of albums, which failed to pimp her as a high-metal priestess. This time out, though, she hits it on all eight cylinders right from the gitgo with a tits-up, slab-happy manipulation of standard metal clichés that's bound to gore the likes of Tipper and her PMRC conspirators, while igniting the party dialectic in gearheads near and far. Wendy was easily the first female to fellate the doors off generally accepted conventions of what women in rock should or shouldn't do, and she leaves no doubt in your mind that she's still at it in a big way with such sentimental charmers as "F**k That Booty," "Bad Girl," and a dead-on cover of Motorhead's immortal "Jailbait." Wendy O. is one bad babe and her excruciating hyena choke-hold vocals during "Party" ride roughshod over buffalo-stampede bass and drums while guitarist Michael Ray dry-humps his axe into a dishonorable discharge. Things stay basically the same on the other cuts. Since the album was recorded live, the charged concert atmosphere gives the tunes ■ butthole-pucker factor that'll irritate the hell out of your next-door neighbors.

For sheer cathartic death-throttle deliverance, there's nothing like *Possessed's* *Seven Churches*, a suppurating collection of wounds that brings new

meaning to the word "speed." As ■ rule, the submuted genre of death-metal (Venom, Mercyful Fate, Broken Bones, et al.) takes a while to get used to due to the inherent limitations of its grisly death/netherworld subject matter. *Possessed* cranks out a relentless speedmetal attack redolent of Venom's only much better. *Seven Churches* is a full-on Japanese-computer-train-without-brakes exercise in what this kind of music should sound like. On a good portion of the tracks, bassist/vocalist Jeff Becarra regurgitates what have to be the most Stygian vocal utterances to date. The logarhythmic abandon of twin-guitar powerplant Mike Torrao and Larry Lalonde shoves grave-robbing anthems such as "Evil Warriors" and "Holy Hell" right over the top and on such testicle-peelers as "Death Metal" and "The Exorcist" it's obvious the band has studied for its chemistry test—a little too hard. Molar-turning tempo changes and phosphorescent riffola fuse into a shining psychedelic steel rail upon which the boys ride into raging oblivion. This lethal product is from a young San Francisco band (two of the members have yet to turn eighteen) whose ultratight chops and melodies will give big guns like Slayer and Voivod ■ hard run for the money.

—Judge I-Rankin'

Wendy O. reaching for the one that got away.



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Culture Club From *Luxury to Heartache* Virgin

Formerly cherished pop stars who fall from grace sure are sorry little critters. Burdened by contracts, runaway ambitions, and hungry egos, they insist on poking their pointy sad faces into places where they're no longer wanted, trying on new frocks over old postures, and leaving shrink-wrapped droppings every year or two in the same bins that hold still-shining remembrances of better days. It's enough to make you wonder why you cared in the first place.

But surely you recall why you loved Boy George. A lumpy rag doll from the island of misfit toys, he flaunted underdog charm and sang like a tear-stained cherub; George shook with a purpose. His message was pure Boys' Town: "He ain't a sissy, he's your brother!" How could the junior-high bullies of the world keep beating the shit out of hapless fairies

after school when George was all over the radio, on TV, and in their record collections? Backing shock with a classicism that should have outlasted his hair follies, George rendered all previous pop messiahs obsolete, or at least kind of cowardly. But by *Waking Up With the House on Fire*, George had exhausted all he had to say, leaving him nothing else to do but invent new hairdos.

Two years and several stylists later, *From Luxury to Heartache* begs for our forgiveness and sympathy. Gone are the precious things that gave Culture Club its group identity—the over-anxious African percussion, the gently lapping reggae, the sprightly Latin cha-cha-cha. Producers Arii Mardin and Lew Lahn replace lovable idiosyncrasies with the same booming electro arrangements that gave Scritti Politti and Chaka Khan something to subvert and score hits with. But colorless funk-by-numbers overwhelms George. Struggling and deflated, he frequently runs out of breath, and ends many phrases warbling like a tired old Bowie. More disheartening is *From Luxury to Heartache's* message behind the material. Sporting bridges more memorable than the verses and choruses they connect, and more malapropisms than you can count, songs such as "God Thank You Woman" are too corny to believe. And there's a helluva difference between a Boy who would once tumble for me and one who's now telling me to "Move Away." I don't really want to hurt him, but I'll be damned if this Boy isn't pushing his luck.

— Barry Walters



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Soul Asylum
Made to Be Broken
 Twin/Tone

Impression: Soul Asylum is an angry country outfit, a hard Midwestern cross between Jason and the Scorchers and Skynyrd. **Problem:** Producer Bob (Hüsker Dü) Mould made them Do The Hardcore: you know, the 100-yard noise relay, guitar thrash and burn, shrieks of pain. **Result:** Not being punks at heart, no Soul Asylum scream is cathartic, no guitar catclaws your complacency, none of their rhythmic buzzsawing creates a texture of doom. **Analysis:** That means it's just noise.

Saving grace: The album's best songs all jump off country/folk chord progressions: "Another World, Another Day" and "Ain't That Tough" are revved-up Olde English martial rhythms, harmonies the Grateful Dead might sing whilst torching their hometown; "Never Really Been" is a cut-above alienated-youth rasp sung mostly over an angry acoustic guitar. On "Can't Go Back" and "Tied to the Tracks" the band finds its true sound: rock-solid rhythm section propelling angry harmonies up and over guitars that electrocute folk melodies doubletime.

Reason to believe I: Opening for Hüsker Dü recently in New York, singer/songwriter David Pirner screamed and jumped all over the fucking place, the band thrashed up, up, and away in sonic

revelry, and somehow everyone crash-landed in harmony onto one solid chorus after another. Drummer Grant Young was particularly impressive as The Eye of the Storm: Mixing pitches and rhythms, he grounded Pirner's stage flailing and the guitar/bass rhythmic firefights in juicy musicianship. This country-cum-blow-out energy, so raw and infectious live, is exactly what didn't make it onto vinyl.

Reason to believe No. II: Though still in songwriter diapers, Pirner can write a funny, well-tuned lick. "The aim of my time/ls to fill up my mind/And when it gets too full/I forget." Best turn of phrase is the album title—*Made to Be Broken*, as in "rules are—" and "we are—." Nice bit of youth nihilism, that. So, concluding hope: Soul Asylum won't toy with hardcore next time 'cause it ain't in their

blood and instead they'll lean into that country stuff. Maybe lean hard, with the betrayed souls of heartland punks.

—Joel Dinerstein

Soul Asylum: (L-R) Dave Pirner, Dan Murphy, Karl Mueller, and Grant Young.



Bohne Graham



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UNDERGROUND

Column by Andrea 'Enthal

Noise. Rock has always been about it. There's primal grunge and arty experimentalism, distortion, electronic manipulation, and fuzz enough to flock the globe, especially on the underground.



Mosh is a club and Smack is a band. Smack performed live at Mosh in São Paulo to create *Ao Vivo No Mosh* (Live at Mosh), a bouncingly vigorous slice of vinyl from Brazil's seldom-exposed underground. Funky, sometimes syncopated, and bursting with playful energy, Smack's sound is hard and crisp, with angular clumps of guitar and percussive shards of brass. They sing entirely in their native Portuguese, with voices that get slightly louder and higher pitched at the end of every phrase. "Faca Urnas Compradas" ("Go Shopping") la-la's through an almost Middle Eastern snake-charm melody with fluidly rubber-band-like

pulses of guitar at its end, while the instrumental "Chance de Fuga" ("Chance to Escape") sneaks danceably out of one's speakers in scratchy stops and starts, its glassy-smooth bleats of funk guitar spilling out by mid-melody to create a sense of mystery. Smack's twisting guitarwork builds as a harsh-voiced singer screams. There are people at Smack's label, Baratos Afins, who read and write English. Contact them at Av. São João, 439--2° and, lojas 316/318, São Paulo SP, Brazil. Texas Records, (2204 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica, CA 90405) imports *Ao Vivo No Mosh*.

Smack is not an isolated band. There's as much underground rock in São Paulo

as in any similar city in England or the US. **Chance** takes one of Brazil's native musical idioms, the samba, in new and delicate directions on "Samba Do Morro," as a moaning woman groans "morro, morro cedo" over a delicate and slinking percussion track. Mournful. Mysterious, with a breathtakingly sparkling synthetic percussion element that sweeps across the stereo mix like a slivery musical comet, "Samba Do Morro" is tantalizingly clear and mellow but never soppy.

Muzak obviously takes its name — but not its sound — from the infamous atmospheric music company. On "Ilha Urbana," the band forces its way through delicately distorted bell-buzzer keyboards and guitar and a bashingly insistent beat that gets faster and faster as Osmar, the vocalist, recites his evenly inflected but frantic lines.

Akira 5 & As Garotas Que Erraram is a funk band along the lines of the early-'80s Talking Heads. Using harpsichord-edged keyboards and a tangle of vocals, "Swing Bases Series I" is upbeat and perky, full of echoes and edges to capture one's interest for a second and third listening, too. These three tracks and five others can be found on the compilation *Não São Paulo*, which is also on the Baratos Afins label and available from Texas by mail.

Harshly angular, recorded on the fuzzy edge where distortion crosses into noise and engineers hold their ears in pain or their heads in shame, lie the **Distraction Boys**, a New York City ensemble that unwraps rock's roots and transplants them in a place they've never grown before. Primal. Noisy. Undisciplined. Raging ragged and wild over the raw edge of a VU meter's scale and plunging into a psychoactive haze, the Boys' "Live on Ave. B" EP is a great, grating cacophony of forceful guitar swirls and cluttered feedback clusters. As "Pay Off the Cops" opens, one can almost hear the band preparing to launch into the Who's "Magic Bus." Sliding with hookah pulses through streaming stretches of streaked guitar noise, the Boys may be off mike, but their music's on target. Box 1812, New York, NY 10009.

Steve Stain likes to torture cats. Not the four-pawed, hairy type. His cats are electric, with synthesizer bodies and tape-manipulated screams. Stain's *The Brain Feels No Pain* sounds like it was recorded at 3 AM in a studio where only old Pere Ubu and Residents records were allowed. He says he publishes his compositions through "Lithuanian Air Raid Music," though how he's going to turn his experiments in flying glass and

tub gargling into dots and circles on a staff will be something to see. Forget MTV crap—Steve Stain's music is on the real cutting edge, where razor blades are sharp and used frequently. From Pere Ubu he's stolen David Thomas's otherworldly sense of singsong tonality. He nyatters nonsense non sequiturs, little nyips, and nyah nyahs. He also borrowed an actual David Thomas sideman, David Hild (a former member of Boston's Girls—one of the few groups other than Pere Ubu that Thomas put out on his own Hearshan label). Traditional timbales are among the instruments Stain uses to create his avant pop sound. It's that constant and consistent beating that keeps Stain's rock experiments from drifting into the mists of art's cerebality. Not to say this record isn't weird and arty. The songs even have strange names, like "Flight of the Drill," "Concerto in Porky Minor," and "Taking Ryan's Garage by Storm." "Vice Grip Heiress" couples a pot-lid cymbal with an assortment of tossed glass bottles. "Piece Got Teeth" is all manipulated electric screeches and screams. If your idea of good music is something you can hum in the shower, you'll hate this. But if you want a record that challenges how you listen, *The Brain* will keep your ears in a constant state of confusion. You can thank or curse New Alliance Records, P.O. Box 21, San Pedro, CA 90733, for that.

Cowder Over Wisconsin by the **Skeptics** is an album of art-damaged noise delivered with all the delicate vocal finesse of Frankenstein's monster attempting his first words. Fingers scratch on guitar strings in streaky, harsh jags, then plink and plunk koto-style under a monotone recitation of "Onward Christian Soldiers," twanging like a mutant rubber band. Keyboards are pounded with the sophistication of a piano student just learning



Chance and Muzak are among the bands featured on Não São Paulo.



Chip Simons

"Chopsticks," and when Frankenstein is sleeping, the Skeptics scream, hoot, and growl like a bear with a sore throat. If your mother likes this record, seek medical help for her at once. If you like this record, it's probably because playing it loud chases everybody out of your apartment building. Ahh, privacy at last, courtesy of Flying Nun Records, P.O. Box 3000, Christchurch, New Zealand.

One expects a wall of noise from JFA, an Arizona skatepunk ensemble whose initials stand for Jody Foster's Army. The band chose that name during the trial of John Hinckley, whose letters to *Taxi Driver* star Foster made sensational

headlines. Sonically the band was a bristling slamscape full of bam-bam drum bashes and tuneless vocal rants. With the release of "My Movie," JFA's latest EP, suddenly there is change.

"Movie" twists and bounces with jangle-edged acoustic guitar work like an increasingly hyper slice of latter-day surf. Constantly shifting tempo and texture, it alternates between a dreamily echo-laden passage and a hell-bound speed-tromp. "Unknown" plods melodically, with a hint of Indian war dance to its beat and slinky tambourine and a sweetly spun curl of feedback at its finale. The only tune that seems to have any relationship to JFA's past is "Desert Jewel," the EP's lone vocal track, on which Brian Brannon bellows

Would you take communion with the Alter Boys? L-R: Mark Scholl, John Carruthers, Ed Bradin, Roger Rawlings, JZ Barrell.

in a monotone shout over race-paced guitar. When he's singing, the song's a thrash, but it shifts to skillfully woven melodies when he's not. Anyone who's ever accused JFA of being sloppy and generic will be surprised by this blue vinyl slice, which comes from Placebo Records, P.O. Box 23316, Phoenix, AZ 85063.

"I'm a bastard asshole" sings 9353 to close side one of its second album, *We*

If your idea of good music is something you can hum in the shower, you'll hate Steve Stain.

Are Absolutely Sure There Is No God. An arty, quirky endeavor, 9353's music is dipped first in whippy, wiggly ripples and warbly multi-pitched patches of guitar, then rolled in equal parts of early Zappa and deeply resonated Sisters of Mercy vocal styles. From Zappa, 9353 borrows a twisted sense of commercial pop. Like Zappa's, 9353's tunes pick up on pop's moronic simplicity and clear, sweet harmonies. But when 9353 harmonizes through tape manipulations, the results fall into falsetto and dip to doo-wop subterraneanisms to produce not a satire as much as a caricature. One minute 9353 sounds like Martians imitating Chipmunks. The next it's back to the Sisters of Mercy growl. Their favorite trick is to put both extremes—the high and the low—together and layer a swimming background of floated and flanged guitar beneath. The end result is either the most annoying contrivance yet cut into vinyl or a refreshingly mind-altering slice of alternative pop from Fountain of Youth Records, 5710 Durbin Rd., Bethesda, MD 20817.

If Joy Division had wanted to be a surf band and had recorded their works in whatever the careless denizens of New York City substitute for a garage, they might have sounded like the *Alter Boys*, who rip the chords of "Love Will Tear Us Apart" from their gray and gloomy roots and splice them to a walloping dose of pop. They then bury the resulting upbeat tromp in an overkill's worth of fuzztone distortion to get one insistently dark and jangling homegrown 7-incher they call "Piles." Crashing and bashing, hypnotic, but gently airy and bright, "Piles" quivers on the A-side, while the instrumental "Buk's Song" delicately spins Western-meets-surf guitarisms as nyarling streaks of harsher, tenser guitar lick at the tune's perimeter. "Buk's" is coupled with a bonus cut, "Gimme What I Want," an off-key exercise in post-Iggy Pop clichés. Two out of three's not bad. You can get it from 910 West End Ave., Apt. 15A, New York, NY 10025.

This month a large stamped and self-addressed envelope sent to me at 1965 Broadway, New York, NY 10023, will get you the new part two of the underground press flier. Part one concentrates on major 'zines. This is about efforts of less than 25 pages, photocopied works, and newcomers to the 'zine scene. (If you publish a 'zine and want to be in part three, send me a copy). As always, your records are welcome too. Send them to me in Los Angeles: P.O. Box 4904, Panorama City, CA 91412.

Singles

From a lime to a lemon, a lemon to a lime, we cut the hype in half the time.

Column by John Leland

In summer, baseball qualifies as culture, television recycles its waste, and singles emerge as a dominant cultural force. A killer like "Miss You" or "The Message" or "Shout!" or "The Show" can cross over to become as omnipresent as the heat, as thick as the humidity. One single breaks out huge, and the rest sort of trudge along like the American League west. In summer, radio can even sound good—but it probably has to be a car radio. This summer's early favorite for bust-out hit looks like Run-D.M.C.'s cover of "Walk This Way," but if anyone can cross the other way like "Rock Me Amadeus" or "West End Girls," my money's on them. See if hip hop's growing gangsterism leads to backlash, or if the Brooklyn pop sound of UTFO and Whistle can keep the doors that it's opened from slamming in its face. Could be a pennant race.

Laurie Anderson: "Language Is a Virus" (Warner)

Hippie experimentalist (political activist school) Anderson meets posthippie, upwardly mobile hedonist (counterculture-as-waterbed school) Nile Rodgers. It's probably not Rodgers's fault that this is the blandest Anderson record to date any more than you can hang *She's the Boss* or *Let's Dance* on him. But the record's almost unctuously warm and never surprising surfaces don't invite you in like "O Superman" or "Sharkey's Day" did. Rodgers is certainly not to blame for the punk-aphorism title or the predictable writing that follows it. Anderson's usually infectious sense of wonder sounds annoyingly self-satisfied, as if she really isn't discovering the world for the first time. Her best lines—"And he said, 'Hey, you talking to me or are you just practicing for one of those performances of yours?'"—display an undigested sense of irony and a budding solipsism that ill befits a discoverer. More important, why is language like a virus and not like a Burger King commercial?

Steady "B": "Just Call Us Def" b/w "Fly Shanté" (Pop Art)

After jumping on LL Cool J's train with "Take Your Radio," a defiant sequel to "I Can't Live Without My Radio," Steady "B" continues his likable LL rip-off in less overt terms on "Just Call Us Def," a polysyllabic rap that benefits from Lawrence

Goodman's Marly Marl rip-off, hard-core overkill production. But the two really score on "Fly Shanté," on which Goodman loads his Emulator MM-style with the most piercing percussive sound in hip hop: Roxanne Shanté's voice. You can use all the drum computers you want, but when she bleats "I'm Shanté," it's like fingernails on a blackboard, the horn section from the JB's, and a cop with a bull-horn all rolled into one. And the fact that more than a year and a half later, someone's still rapping about not getting any from a Roxanne only makes the record more archivally cool. As does the modified Bo Diddley beat.

Madonna: "Live to Tell" (Sire)

Ciccone Youth: "Into the Groovy" b/w Mike Watt: "Burning Up" (New Alliance)

Madonna at her best exudes a sassy, girlish innocence that projects her sexuality not as product or even symbology, but as pure, selfish, adolescent fantasy. She may not be a virgin, but who else (save Lisa Lisa) could even make that an issue? On "Live to Tell," she's a woman of experience, vamping for the big-beat cocktail set. And unlike Sade, she seems to have nothing but a cheap, tawdry tale to tell—and only a cheap, tawdry voice to tell it in. Ciccone Youth is a thinly veiled (navel exposed) Sonic Youth laying the guitar whammy over Madonna's actual recording of her best song—her voice even cuts through the mix occasionally. It's a pretty tame trashing/recontextualizing: The virtues of song and band come through in roughly equal proportion, but at half strength. However, it's certainly intriguing (if politically ambiguous) to hear a song go from Madonna slickness to Sonic Youth raunch without losing momentum. More than just a great novelty record. Curiosity seekers and *pro bono* lawyers can write New Alliance, Box 21, San Pedro, CA 90733.

Run-D.M.C.: "My Adidas" b/w "Peter Piper" (Profile)

This single seems like a holding pattern: We all know that the sucker punch off *Raising Hell* is "Walk This Way," Run's incongruously sexless but musically dead-on shot at roots hardrock that should put them over big with the great unwashed. "My Adidas" is like their version of "I Can't Live Without My Radio"—a song about something dear to them. It's also, like "Queen of Rox," rap as autobiography, an account of the feats they've accomplished while wearing Adidas (without laces): "I stepped onstage/At Live Aid/All the people gave/And the poor got paid." Over a simple, organic beat, this takes off. "Peter Piper" is a double-speed stream of knuckleheadedness that twists all the nursery rhymes they could think of into a tribute to Jam-Master Jay: "Jack Be Nimble was nimble/And he was quick/But Jam-Master cut faster/Jack's on Jay's dick." Yeah. And Little Bo Peep cold lost her sheep, and Ripp Van Winkle fell the hell asleep. And he's the big bad wolf, and you're the three little

pigs. *Huh?* At first I thought this was just too stupid, but with time, it's rocking better than most anything off *King of Rock*. And though *Raising Hell* has its weak cuts, these aren't among them.

Beastie Boys: "Hold It, Now Hit It" (Def Jam)

"Well, I just got home / Because I'm out on bail / WHAT'S THE TIME? / It's time to buy ale." After the lame FM breakthrough of "She's on It," the inescapable nuisances of all SPIN functions return with a track that's as uncritically freestyle as they are. Obnoxious voices whine and snarl in a decidedly immature free-for-all, turning the Beasties into the ultimate vicarious thrill: They're the assholes you always wanted to be, but you didn't want to sacrifice friends and values to do it. Unless, of course, you always wanted to be Mötley Crüe, in which case you probably went ahead. Anyway, this single is good stupid fun, with plenty of Pee-Wee talent providing the backbone for the obnoxiousness. No more fake heavy metal for people who don't know better; this is degraded comic-book hip hop for folks who know enough to laugh. Knock off a coupla points for the slur, "You like men / And we like beer."

Funkmaster Wizard Wiz: "Crack It Up" b/w "Can't You Take a Hint (Bellevue Patient) (R)" (Tuff City)

If the almost otherworldly darkness of Schoolly-D's "PSK—What Does It Mean?" made it evilly mesmerizing, it was as much a result of the sound as of the lyrics. Even the drum track was evil in a way that Foetus or Swans will never be. For all his efforts, Wizard Wiz isn't evil—just criminal, which is the banal and unambivalently non-romantic side of gangsterdom. His first record, "Put That Head Out," was about kicking ass (and pulling triggers) when people disrespect you. "Crack It Up," despite lip service to social concerns, is an advertisement for crack: "All you girls and guys / We got a new get high / C'mon, let's crack it up." Followed by instructions on its use. "Bellevue" is about committing the kind of senseless felonies you see on TV. Tuff City prez Aaron Fuchs defends the record as an alternative to the rap soapbox of the early '80s, an unsoftened view of a very grim, very real situation. But to me it seems a pretty reprehensible way for an artist to make his name or for a struggling label to try to establish itself on the market. And besides, the rap is stupid and the production one-dimensional.

Gary Clail's Killer: "Hard Left (Stand on the Right)" (World)

Gary Clail's Killer is of a piece with Tack Head, Fats Comet, and Mark Stewart's Mafia: to wit, English producer Adrian Sherwood with the old house rhythm section from Sugarhill, making fundamentally instrumental hip hop music in an aggressive avant-dub style. Like all of these guys' projects, "Hard Left" moves on a giant Keith LeBlanc beat, which



Courtesy of Sonic Youth

Opposite: Hippie experimentalist Laurie Anderson asks the musical question, "You talking to me?" Above: Ciccone Youth go ask Alice about putting the whammy on Madonna.

kicks ass on the spliced snippets of sonic debris and found vocals surrounding it. But like Clail's previous "Half-Cut for Confidence" on Sherwood's On-U label, the track comes as close as these guys get to song structure—it resolves in a chorusing chant. Inside Sherwood's claustrophobic mix, Clail manipulates tapes of voices snatched from television and radio. Alienated from context, the tapes work as agitprop by suggestion: fear without dogma. Best thing about it for the uninitiated is the crew's guerilla process of making music. Best thing for the already wet is that bassist Doug Wimbish and guitarist Skip McDonald finally get some.

SIDEWIPES

You can listen but you better not touch dept.: Doug DeFranco (aka Double Dee of Double Dee and Steinski) adds percussive whomp and snatches of movie dialogue to a juicy 12-inch of Peter Gordon's otherwise lame "That Hat," but CBS Masterworks won't release it commercially for reasons of company image. My God, in the corporate time warp the dance/art dichotomy still exists — so they put out the lame shit. At the same time, Tommy Boy seems to have quashed (Steve) Steinski's megamix of *Television's Greatest Hits*,

leaving us with only the Tee Vee Toons label's uninspiring and darn near unlistenable "Jane, Get Me Off This Crazy Thing!" ... *Until December* makes a beeline for Dead or Alive's formula with the metallic, high-energy disco of "Secrets (I Won't Tell)" b/w "We Are the Boys" (415/Columbia), but despite earnest cribbing can't pump the irresistible juice of "You Spin Me Round (Like a Record)." Ungainly sex blunts like "Help me be a man / Take it like a man" don't help any ... The *Fat Boys'* knack for gimmicks deserts them on their hopeless version of "Sex Machine" (Sutra), which, unlike "Walk This Way," puts neither crew nor song into a new perspective ... *Thomas Dolby and Ryuichi Sakamoto* combine on the glossy but unchallenging "Fieldwork" (School import), a sort of Clannad-meets-Tangerine Dream electronic idyll that throws out a host of images without inviting you to explore any of them. And how do they expect to get their fingers dirty "in the sands of Arizona"? Just askin' ... *M.C. Boob's* "Do the Fila and the Pee-Wee's Dance" (Three Way) one-ups Joeski Love's "Pee-Wee's Dance" while dutifully lifting its "Tequila" hook, but has none of the original's stoopid spunk. And no lines as memorable as "It's not hard / It's easy, you see / Just act like Pee-Wee Herman / Very stupidly" ... The fake lounge-jazz trappings of *Swing Out Sister's* "Blue Mood" clash with the obligatory big beat of the 12-inch mix to make S.O.S. sound like folks who don't catch the irony of the Art of Noise or see the seedy edge of Kid Creole.



PHOTOGRAPHY
LONG RYDERS
DIRECTOR TIM NEWMAN
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86
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ROCK AND ROLL. BORN AND BRED IN THE USA.

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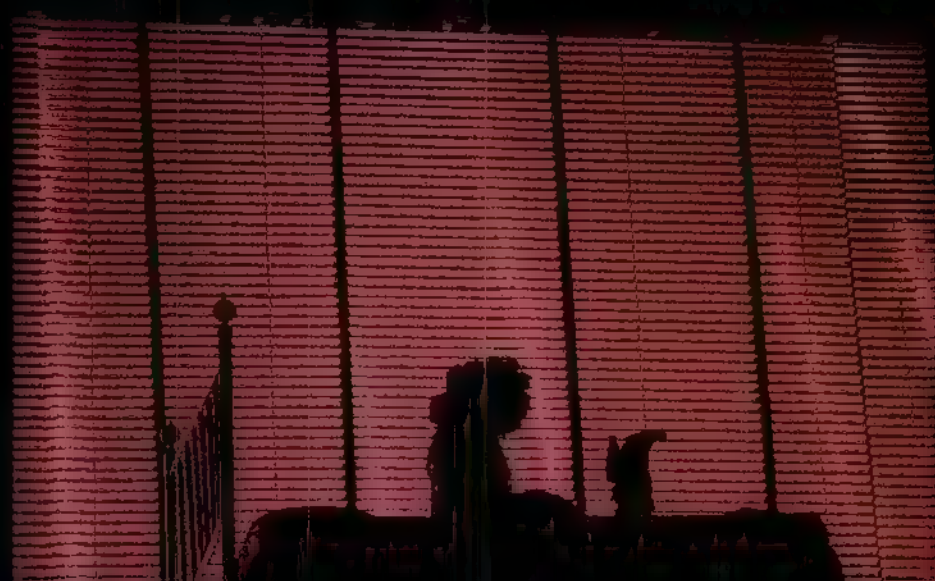
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CONTAINS NO ADDITIVES
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BOTTLES





BLACK NARCISSUS

A stranger in a strange land, Prince set out to create his own magical kingdom, where all he needs is your—kiss.

Article by Bart Bull

*I got a lion in my pocket
And baby he's ready to roar...*

—“1999,” Prince

It wouldn't be fair to say that Prince didn't exist before “I Wanna Be Your Lover,” but it might be right. A song from his second album, “Lover” is a hit on all the black radio stations, and in 1979 that means it's *beneath* existence, not evident enough to bother ignoring. And that wasn't what Prince had in mind, not at all.

“I Wanna Be Your Lover” is a sketchy, edgy, cocksure set of unrehearsed pick-up lines, nervous and confessional, bold and full of brag. He ain't got no money, he ain't like those other guys you hang

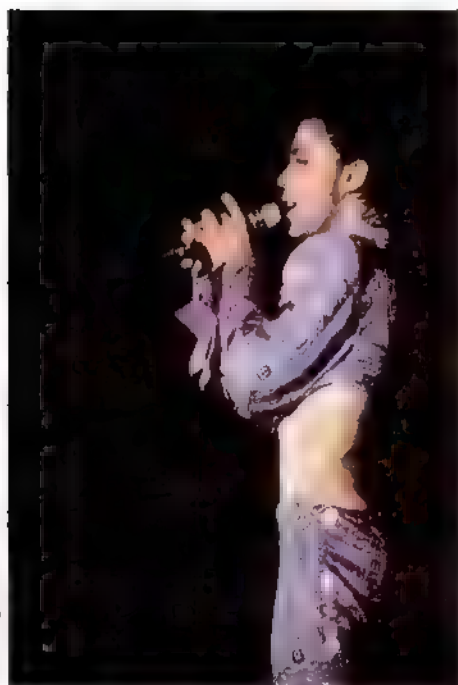
around, and his sound is so stripped and skinny and spare you can't help but believe it.

He wants to be your lover. He wants to turn you on, turn you out—a pimp's phrase—all night long, make you shout, he wants to be the only one who makes you come (just a slight pause) running. He wants a lot. Delirious, in love with his own love, he slips it to you that he's so in love he wants to be your mother and your sister, too. He wants *all* of you.

He sings the song in the simple falsetto of the single-minded, chastely swaying girl groups like the Cookies, the Dixie Cups, the Orlons, and the Chiffons. In a few years, when he's gathered the momentum of celebrity, Prince'll spin off



J. Koz



Daniel Corryon/Buzz

unchaste girl groups, funk bands, solo careers, new wave crossover packages, vanity acts that will splash and succeed with tunes he tosses off in his spare time. But in 1979, the world hardly knows he's alive and cares even less. Lacking a girl group he sings the song himself, makes it a *Prince* record.

Pitching his voice high and keeping it there, Prince uses passion's peak as "Lover's" bottom line. It's a hit, but a segregated one and—the real bottom line—it identifies him in the pop marketplace of 1979 as black. A bad move.

Male or female, that falsetto is indubitably black, the drums are funky, the bass is big, the stuttering guitar swings; ergo, disco. No matter how fine a song it is, no matter how it rocks, it's a strategic error, a tactical mistake. Prince retreats. It happens that *Dirty Mind* is a terrific album. It happens that it flops (Prince: "The record's not doing phenomenally well sales-wise, and airplay is pretty minimal . . ."). It also happens that it doesn't produce anything like a follow-up R&B-chart smash. It almost seems intentional.

"See," says Prince, "this album, it was all supposed to be demo tapes, that's what they started out to be." *Dirty Mind* sounds like nothing so much as a one-man *Sun Sessions*—what could make a rock critic any happier?—with Prince playing Elvis, Sam Phillips, and every other role. It wasn't like rockabilly except in spirit; it was a new thing, a hybrid, a deliberate act of miscegenation—musical race-mixing at a time when anything that resembled a contemporary black influence was being quietly escorted out of "rock," when a white disc jockey inspired a riot of support by burning "disco" records on a major league baseball field.

Dirty Mind wasn't so much funk as it was funkish; funk was fitted in and around the springy stiff rhythms of the newly minted new wave. "So they were demos," Prince said, "and I brought them out to the coast and played them for the management and the record company. They said, 'The sound of it is fine. The songs we ain't so sure about. We can't get this on

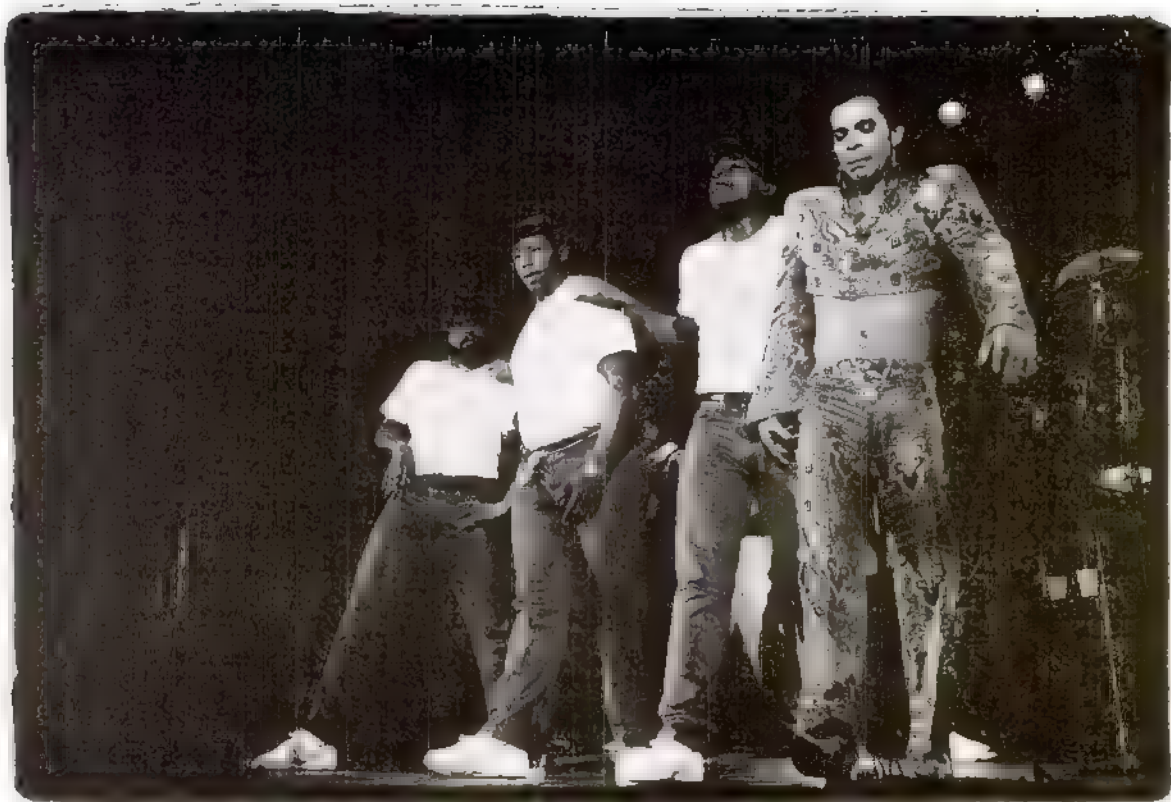
the radio. It's not like your last album at all.' And I'm going, 'But it's like me.'"

The me that *Dirty Mind* is like is a typically over-sexed teenager (though he's 21), a true romantic, an uncontrollable talent, a guitar hero, a studio whiz, a kid who believes the letters section of *Penthouse* with all his heart and soul, a very singular case, an exception. He's a mulatto, born and bred in Minneapolis, the northern-most cosmopolitan center of the Mississippi River, a place that manages to be a river city and a prairie junction simultaneously. Light enough to pass for white but not quite. Black enough to be widely ignored.

The black and white cover of *Dirty Mind* shows him stripped down to a bikini and a bandana, his back against a bedspring. The making of the album had been an exclusive affair, a party in the privacy of his own imagination. It revealed that Prince considered himself a rebel, a sexual politician, a utopian visionary, a pundit. But there was also a photo of a band that made it clear that Prince had every intention of extending fantasies into the real world. Like the record, his band was black and white, male and female, and they were pushing the new wavy two-tone motif of the checkerboard to its most obvious, most dangerous conclusion. The Minneapolis of Prince's mind had one small section, "Uptown," where someone—maybe anyone—could live in simple defiance of society's expectations. Uptown was the kind of place where Prince would not only fit in but be the center of attention. Uptown was dancing, music, romance.

"Soon as we got there," he sang, "good times were rollin'; white, black, Puerto Rican, everybody just a-freakin' . . ." And freakin' was, of course, street slang for sex. Like more men than would ever admit it, Prince has an abiding faith in his dick as a divinely inspired dousing rod.

It points him past pleasure toward passion, and past passion toward epiphany. And after epiphany comes an instant of relaxation, a brief moment for reality to



Daniel Corning/Buzz

The Prince of *Dirty Mind* is an oversexed guitar hero, a kid who believes the letters section of *Penthouse* with all his heart and soul.

resume, and for revulsion to set in. Beyond all else in Prince's work can be seen a strategy that he creates to control and contain, a defensiveness. His band and the bands that come under his rule dress just the way he wishes them to, slutty Barbies and Kens, strutting through the purple satin fantasies of a single very inventive adolescent. His own adolescence was likely a lonely one, and the first Uptown he ever encountered was undoubtedly the one in his dreams, peopled by porn images and set in the milky mist of fantasy. With a boyhood spent behind closed doors, practicing and preening, playing a guitar and jacking off are exactly the same gesture to him.

"Hybridism is heinous. Impurity of races is against the law of nature. Mulattoes are monsters..."

—Treatise on Sociology, Henry Hughes, 1860

A passion play in the classic rock critical mode looms loftily in the clouds:

The Rolling Stones play Los Angeles in October 1981. The opening acts are the J. Geils Band, George Thorogood and the Destroyers, and at the bottom of the bill, Prince. The Stones, J. Geils, and Thorogood are all reasonably good examples of the rewards available to white musicians playing black American music. All three draw deep from the well of blues and soul, all three point proudly in the direction of their R&B roots. The addition of Prince to the show, therefore, seems a gracious gesture on the part of the headliners (somebody must have cut a deal), a well-intended symbolic acknowledgement of a young black rocker hailing from the same neck of the woods as Chuck Berry, Muddy Waters, Stevie Wonder, and Little Richard, a 22-year-old phenom who writes fantastic songs, produces and plays every note on his albums, has as much juice as Jimi Hendrix, as many moves as James

Prince with backup singers (L-R) Wally Safford, Greg Brooks and Jerome Benton.

Brown, and more jizz than either one. It is an acknowledgement that Prince is an inheritor. It is also a disastrous misunderstanding of a contemporary rock audience's tastes and prejudices. Prince is pelted with abuse and booed from the stage. What he has inherited, a stadium full of Stones fans don't want.

He sang his own songs, posed heroically with his guitar, stalked and strode the stage. He wore black bikini underwear, not a black leather jacket. He danced brilliantly at a time when dancing was disco and disco was an obscenity.

Rock had developed a history, sculpted by white boys (the reason rock critics liked Elvis Costello so much, David Lee Roth said with dead-on accuracy, was that rock critics look like Elvis Costello).

"The two-caste system in the Old South drove the mulattoes into the arms of the blacks, no matter how hard some of them tried to build a make-believe third world for themselves."

—Roll, Jordan, Roll; *The World The Slaves Made*, by Eugene D. Genovese, 1974

After the L.A. disaster, Prince again retreats, maybe truly intimidated for the first time. Uptown was a smaller kingdom than he'd figured; fantasies were thrilling, but reality was an ass kicker. Still, for someone as young and resourceful and ambitious as Prince, a disastrous defeat points to challenging new possibilities for a decorative triumph.

Controversy came out a few months later. He couldn't believe, he sang in the title tune, all the controversy that had developed over whether or not he was black or white, straight or gay. He loved every word of it. He'd started it with the time-honored

device of refusing all interviews, turned up the flame by inserting in *Controversy* the Lord's Prayer and a reductionist manifesto nursery rhyme: "People call me rude/I wish we all were nude/I wish there was no black and white/I wish there were no rules..."

Uptown, and his dream of what it was going to be like, disappeared. A new world was what he offered this time, the Second (absolutely no slight pause) Coming. His tone was positively messianic. Sexuality, he insisted, is all we ever need. No money, he was certain, and especially no clothes. Moreover, he'd located the cause of our problems and secured its solution, too. "We live in a world overrun by tourists... inventors of the Accu-Jac... they teach the kids that love is bad." The solution? "We need a new breed/Leaders, stand up and organize..." By the time the song ended, he'd stripped his words down to the singular. "Sexuality is all I'll ever need..." He was talking, as he almost always did, with his own needs in mind. And presenting himself as the new leader.

The odd thing about it was the degree to which his uncomplicated philosophies went forth into the world of complexities and fulfilled themselves. A single Prince tune played in a new wave dance club could improve the atmosphere—and the dancing—for an hour at a time. And finding the bedroom of female new wave clubsters decorated with the dripping-wet Prince poster that came with *Controversy* ceased to be a surprise and became a certainty. Prince was carving out a constituency that was black far more often than white, female far more often than male, young far more often than not. It was the kind of constituency that gets a pop voice little respect and a lot of condescension.

And there was no telling if his constituency would stick. If his earlier club dates at the time of *Dirty Mind* had been attended by audiences that were said to be a startling mix of race, gender, class, and style, *Controversy* hadn't been getting any white airplay so that by the time Prince's tour played the San Francisco Civic on Valentine's Day 1982, the attending faithful were almost absolutely not white.

The opening act was The Time, with their first hit single, "Cool," under their belt, from their debut album that was produced by someone named "Jamie Starr." Everybody involved strenuously insisted that Starr was most definitely not Prince behind those Foster-Grants. "Cool" had been all over black radio for months. It was easily the biggest, freshest funk hit of the season, and it meant that the biggest hit Prince had ever had was under another name than his own.

After the Rolling Stones debacle, he'd subdivided himself, disincorporated, sliced his persona into sections that could meet head-on a segregated marketplace's sets of assumptions. The Time did some of what Prince might have been doing if the rigid rules of rock had allowed him a little latitude. They mixed funk and new wave pop and a lot of R&B; onstage, they came off like Little Richard fronting the Specials, but maintained glacial gangster cool at all times. "Ain't nobody bad like me!" Morris Day would crow while a dapper roadie-valet held a gilt mirror in place for him to primp his pomp. Their backdrop was a sketch of steps and stoops on a city street and their version of Uptown was anywhere an attitude is the first article of clothing you put on in the morning. And they showed up dressed to kill.

Unlike a rock band, where all involved studiously avoid dancing lest they be suspected of being frivolous, The Time danced like demons, in slick unison steps and with loose individual inspiration. Some of their shtick came straight out of an older tradition of black show business, stuff that could have played the black vaudeville circuit 50 years earlier, but in the same instant they seemed to be inventing it.

Prince's own show was a rock act on a hockey-rink-to-stadium scale, and if it had the dance audience standing still often, no one walked. The parts of the persona that he showed off played in clanking rock tempos more often than not. He played left-field



Daniel Corrigan/Buzz

Hendrix licks and gave himself and the guitar mutual orgasms. He did a version of *Dirty Mind*'s "When You Were Mine" that was exactly the sort of thing that makes rock critics crank all the way up to "majestic," "redeeming," and "tragic" when they're describing their most recent Bruce Springsteen experience. He was demonstrating the simple fact, whether white folks were around to see him do it or not, that his absolute mastery of a vast vocabulary of style—not only R&B/funk/black but any "rock" style he took a shine to as well—was complete and captivating.

"(He) was hotter and sexier and more explicit than Jim Morrison, the Rolling Stones, the Beatles, Mae West, and a battalion of strippers. And though there had been some pretty acrobatic bumping and grinding along the rhythm and blues route and up at Harlem's Apollo, this was not one of your come-back-to-Africa performances in shiny suit and processed hair. This was the Wild Man of Borneo, all right, but crossed with all the languid, silken, jewelled elegance of a Carnaby Street fop. It was a very erotic combination, and no doubt a shrewdly calculated one. First layer: noble savage. Second layer: San Francisco acid freak. Third layer: swinging London dandy. How could he lose?"

—Roxon's *Rock Encyclopedia*, by Lillian Roxon, 1969, describing Jimi Hendrix (deceased 1970)

When Prince played Oakland the next year on his 1999 tour, he used as a stage set an arrangement of fire poles and ladders and stainless steel catwalks and chrome venetian blinds crowned by a brass bed. It was an R-and-R center for the master race's Olympic qualifiers as designed by Leni Riefenstahl, the Nazi Busby Berkeley. It made a perfect perverse playground for Prince.

But there was also the contained frustration of the

Purple Rain was the soundtrack of Prince's desire, his need to get over and get across, to be loved, to punish and be admired, to be noticed.

hamster cage to it, and there were signs that this time around Prince was admitting to himself that he was reaching the same black audience he'd had with him from the beginning. The only white faces in attendance belonged either to record business free-riders or concert promoter Bill Graham. He did a solo spot on electric piano midway through the show, beginning with a lace-edged high-art glissando up the keys—following it with a full smirk—and came back down toward the gospel according to Ray Charles. That smirk told the crowd which one he thought really mattered.

Honey, we can't last
Without a shot of new spunk (laugh)
Honey, forget your past
You got to try my new funk...

—"New Position," Prince

And then with *Purple Rain*—the album, the movie, the extended video, the event—he succeeds like success. It's the fate he'd always predicted for himself, and if "When Doves Cry" hadn't kicked it all off with such fresh invention, it might have seemed an anti-climax. It was a push-pulling piece of product, *Purple Rain*, the most "rock" of any of his records, and every piece of it embellished by his R&B chops. The movie itself was a rock-video version of *The Benny Goodman Story*, the trite-on-trite tale of a misunderstood genius who wins everyone's love in the end. It was only the music that made it work, the soundtrack of Prince's own desire, his need, his need to get over and get across, his need to be loved and to love, his need to punish and be admired and his need to be noticed. It worked; he won.

But it turned out to be less of a victory than it might have been. His celebrity peaked in the shape of a

continued on p. 67

"It's not Sauza"



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LOU REED DON'T LIVE HERE NO MORE



Anton Corbijn

He moved to New Jersey and has a new record and a new attitude.

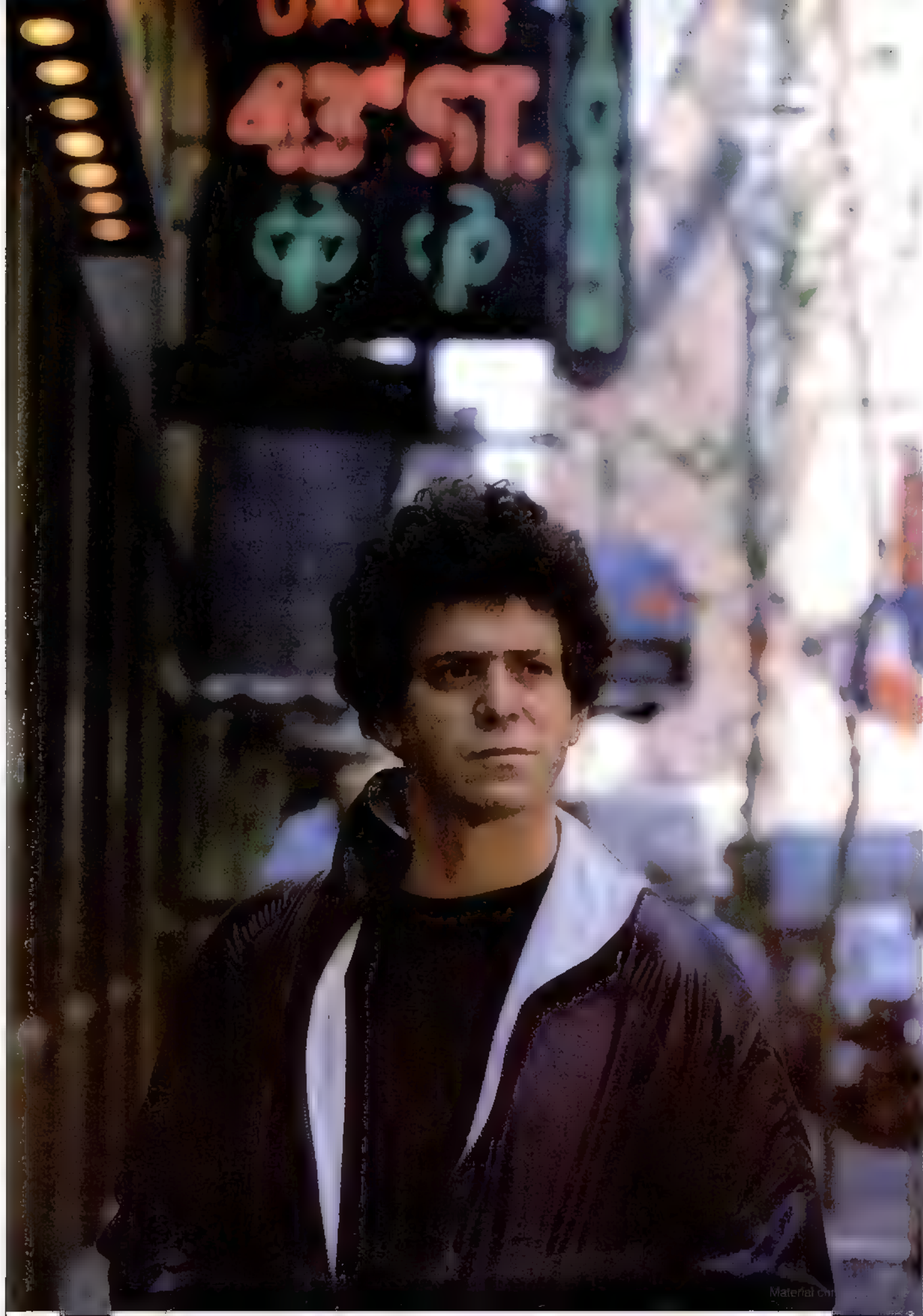
Article by Scott Cohen

The New Lou's got a wife, a house in the country, and a new Harley in the driveway. The Old Lou avoided people, places, and things. The New Lou's in shape, looks great, and takes it to the hoop. The Old Lou took anti-vitamin pills. Down for Lou was up.

Today's Lou breathes easy, does tai chi, and is sugar-free. Yesterday's Lou closed the door so the night could last forever. The New Lou saw the light (it's coming softer now). Some people work very hard but still never get it right. New Lou met Old Lou in a dream, and everything's all right.

The New Lou's been set free, and he's been bound. He saw his head, laughing, rolling on the ground. The Old Lou had a boulder on his shoulder. It made him feel like a man to put a spike in his vein. Things weren't quite the same. When he rushed on his run, he'd feel just like Jesus' son. When the smack began to flow, he didn't care anymore.

There are problems in this world, it's true, but none of them are Lou's. Today's Lou can run out of cigarettes, gas, and toilet paper without losing his cool. Steady Lou is coming out of the Southwest. Lou Lite wears helium-filled shoes. Sweet Lou causes a phone to ring in another's heart. Cozy Lou throws another log onto the fire. Sentimental Lou never blows out the candles on his birthday cake. Old-Fashioned Lou had an old-fashioned wedding in a video arcade in Times Square. Lou's first wife was heroin. The New Mrs. Reed, Sylvia, is as tough as the Old Lou. Mr. and Mrs. Lou take a pleasure cruise, though the liner never leaves the harbor. Inquisitive Lou studies the inner beauty of a Ritz cracker as if it were a civilization covered with dust. Curious



Lou has a small museum in his back pocket. The New Lou is the same Old Lou, in the original wrapper. Sometimes he's happy, sometimes blue, just like you.

Prehistoric Lou was a middle-class Jew from Brooklyn. He had a promising career as a concert pianist before joining a rock 'n' roll band, the Shades, when he was 14. They recorded "So Blue," and Lou made 78¢ in royalties. His soul was saved by rock 'n' roll.

When he was 20—in late 1964, early '65—Lou was a staff songwriter at Pickwick International, part of a group of four that put out 99¢ records that were sold at Woolworth's and supermarkets. Some were surfing records, written and recorded very quickly, with the made-up names of 10 different surfing groups. When death songs were in, Lou wrote a bunch of them. He also wrote fun stuff, like "Sally Can't Surf" and "I Got a Tiger in My Tank," but what he really liked was the other songs he was writing—stuff the people at Pickwick didn't want to know about—which would be for the Velvet Underground.

Originally Lou, John Cale, and Sterling Morrison performed Pickwick songs under names like the Ostriches, the Primitives, and the Prophets. When drummer Maureen Tucker joined the band in 1965, in exchange for letting them use her brother's amplifier, they became the Velvet Underground, the coolest band in the world.

Each major city in the 1960s had a band that best represented that city's attitude. San Francisco had the Grateful Dead; L.A., the Doors; Detroit, Diana Ross and the Supremes. New York had the Velvet Underground.

Most bands then wore beads and flowers, sang about peace and love, and brought people together; the Velvet Underground, dressed in black from head to toe, sang about death and perversion, and alienated people.

Lou met Andy Warhol at the Cafe Bizarre, a tourist trap in Greenwich Village, the night the Velvet Underground was fired. A filmmaker who wanted to film the Velvets performing brought Andy, who brought Nico, this great blond beauty from Germany who had just arrived in New York from London. The Bizarre management didn't relate to the Velvets' excruciatingly loud, crude music. After one song, they said, "You guys play one more like that and that's it." The Velvets played "Black Angel's Death Song," and that was it.

A few months later, Cher, after seeing the Velvet Underground perform, predicted they wouldn't replace anything, except maybe suicide.

The Velvet Underground was everything Andy Warhol ever wanted in a band. Andy really wanted to be a rock 'n' roll star, but managing and producing one was almost as great. A movie producer who was converting an airplane hangar on Long Island into a discotheque to be called Murray the K's World told Andy he would pay him and his entourage to hang out there, and if he could come up with a house band, the disco could be called Andy Warhol's World. The Velvets were the perfect house band.

At the same time, Andy was looking for a band to back up Nico. In London, Nico made a demo of "I'll Keep It With Mine," which she said Bob Dylan wrote for her. The Velvet Underground never intended to be a backup band for a chanteuse—although Lou wrote some of his best songs for Nico, "I'll Be Your Mirror," "Femme Fatale," and "All Tomorrow's Parties." Their first album, the one with the banana on the cover, was Nico's last with the Velvets.

When the Velvets were featured in Andy Warhol's mixed-media event, "The Exploding Plastic Inevitable" (Andy Warhol's World never happened), Lou lived in a dump on Third Street that looked like the set of a horror movie. In the main room was a portable wall consisting of 61,000 cancelled George

"Could you imagine putting out Sally Can't Dance with your name on it? Dyeing my hair and all that shit."



Warren Abbott

Washington postage stamp heads that had been cut out with a nail clipper. In one half of the room were the paranoid A-heads, and in the other half were people tripping on acid, each side staring at the other.

Lou went for weeks eating nothing but oatmeal. For money, he posed for tabloids like the *National Enquirer* and the *National Star*, which needed photos of weirdos to go with their stories. One identified Lou as a sex maniac who murdered 14 children and recorded their screams so he could masturbate while listening to the tape in a barn in Kansas.

In 1970, Lou left the Velvet Underground and became a solo rock 'n' roll animal.

The Old Lou

Rock 'n' Roll Animal, what a degrading thing that was. And I actually went through with it just to get popular so I could get the Velvets reissues out. That's why I made *Sally Can't Dance*. Could you imagine putting out *Sally Can't Dance* with your name on it? Dyeing my hair and all that shit. That's what they wanted, that's what they got. *Sally Can't Dance* went into the Top 10 without a single, and I said, "Ah, what a piece of shit." That has to be one of the lowest albums, except for *Rock 'n' Roll Animal*.

"Walk on the Wild Side," the way it is, is not the way it should be. I got a hit because it was banned on all the radio stations. But it did what it was supposed to. Like I say, I wanted to get popular, so I got the biggest schlock around, and I turned out really big schlock, because my shit is better than other people's diamonds. But it's really boring being the best show in town. I took it as far as it could

possibly go and then o-u-t.

Berlin almost killed us. When Bobby Ezrin, the producer, gave me the master, he said, "Don't even listen to it, just put it in a drawer." He went back to Canada and flipped out. They use that as an example of how bad I got. And the ultimate bad is supposed to be *Metal Machine Music*. "Obnoxious electronic sound." I knew they'd go for it.

Metal Machine Music is mine, and everybody else can fuck off. It they think it's a rip-off, yeah, and I'll rip 'em off some more. That album should have sold for \$70.99. I love it. It cleans me out. They were supposed to put out a disclaimer: "WARNING—No vocals. Best Cut: none. Sounds Like: static on a car radio." Almost 100,000 copies sold. The classical reviews were fabulous. In Japan, they greeted me by blaring the fucking thing top volume.

The thing I would like to do at this time in life is the thing that would sell out. I did *Metal Machine Music*, I did "The Gift," I got all those things out of my system, and I'm still around. People don't believe I've been fronting for these many years. You're only supposed to be around for maybe two or three.

After 20 years, Lou don't feel guilty, and he sure ain't innocent. He's not attempting to set the record straight or clear his name. Lou's not making excuses. He ain't claiming he was framed. The only reason his new album is called *Mistrial* is because he liked the name.

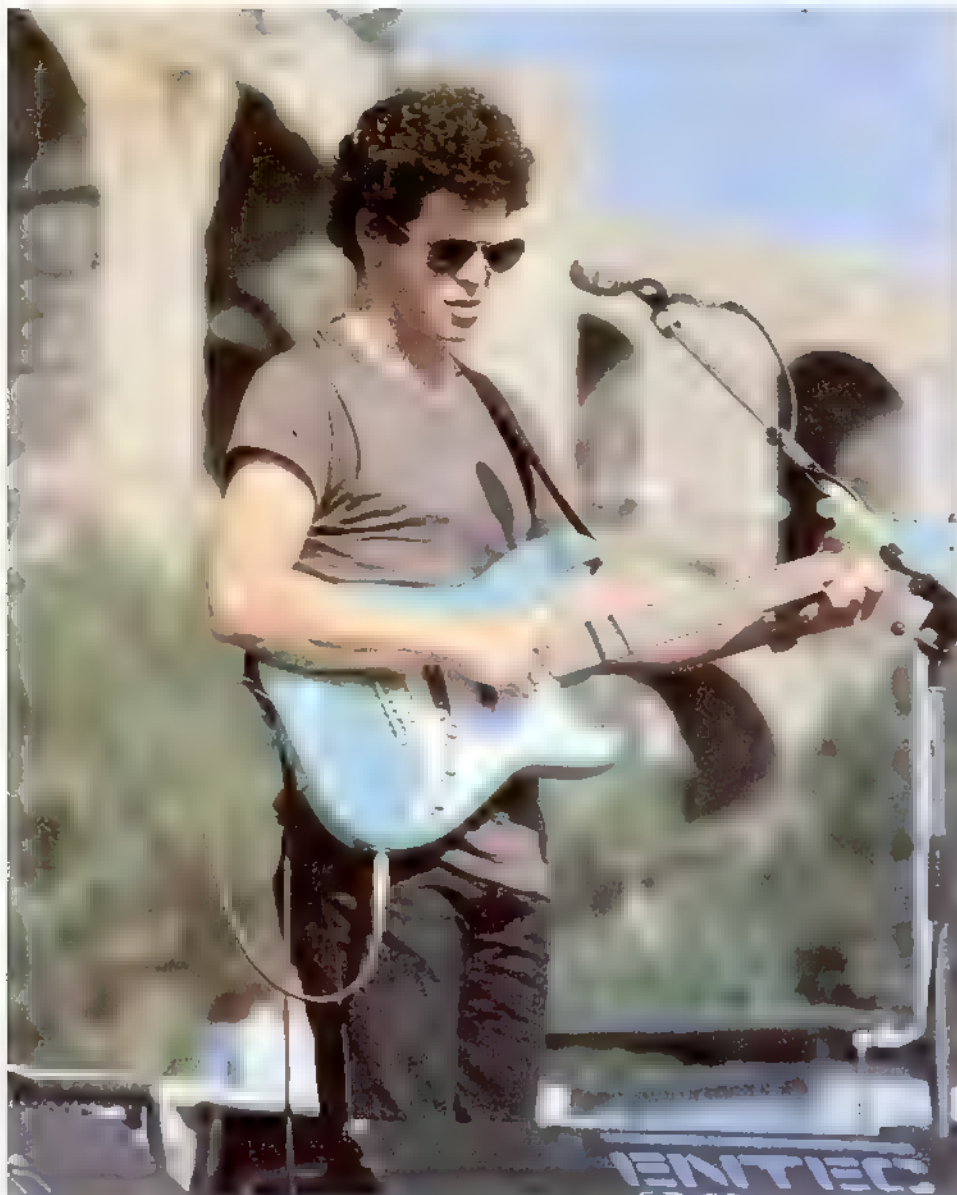
Mistrial comes to you direct-to-metal. Cut-to-metal guarantees in the processing a certain quality and spectrum in sound, especially in the high end and in the bass, that you can't get on a record normally. It was mastered by Bob Ludwig, who

"Light my Lucky."

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.



Lights: 8 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



mastered *Metal Machine Music*. Lou and Bob go way back. Bob told Lou he had some new equipment, the new Song 1630, which is an improved 1610. That would really improve the quality of Lou's new record. *Mistrial* is analog-recorded, but digitally mixed, as opposed to being recorded and mixed digitally. When you mix analog, there is bass distortion, really booming, which a lot of people like. Lou did too, until he heard this new sound. Tight bass. Muscular and tight. That's what Lou really likes.

Lou brought in a complete collection of amps and guitars for this record. Lou's really into tube amps and wood guitars. Each guitar did one particular thing. Lou spent a lot of time at his place in Jersey working on these guitars and amps, and he didn't want an engineer who was going to put his designer imprint on it. Lou said, "Just what we hear, that's what I want on tape."

The New Lou

The old records, going back to the Velvet Under-

ground, cost what it costs to rent one of those new machines. The first record, *The Velvet Underground and Nico*, was cut in three hours. We just wanted to make a record. We didn't know good equipment. It wasn't even a matter in those days whether it was good equipment, it was just did it work. In those days, engineers would walk out on us anyway. "I don't want to listen to this. I didn't become an engineer so I could listen to you guys jerk off. This is noise and garbage." We ran into that a lot.

For a while, I was thinking of doing my new album with Arthur Baker. Arthur Baker said to me, "Why don't you write a rap song?" I thought, "Now there's an idea." Who better than me to do a rap song? My voice lends itself to that. Three-note range. But I would have to write the ultimate rap song. A wrap that could beat anybody else's rap, which is what "Original Wrapper" is all about. It could have been "Sister Ray Part II." I did this song 20 years ago, although nobody knows it.

I always find new things in my old songs way afterwards. Two, three years later, I find out what it's about to me personally, besides what it seems to be about. Often the lyrics are about what they

seem to be about, but a lot of times there's something else in there that I don't know. Something smarter than me. Like the answers to certain problems I've found in records from before, which were about things I literally didn't even know about, but he knew about. Like what? I won't give any examples.

On the last few albums, I've narrowed the distance between myself and the person singing the songs. On some songs, the two have been very close; it's me talking as directly as I could. Other songs were not me at all. Lou in a mood.

Even if you don't like me, there's a certain enjoyment that comes from watching a progression—for lack of a better word—from one topic to another, what these things are about, compared to an almost identical topic. If you look seven albums back, it was always the same person writing this. Since I drive the car, I'm interested in where it goes. That's what's interesting about writing. It taps into something you don't know. You can buff it up and fix things up and rewrite. I do a lot of rewriting, considering I used to make these things up in the studio cold. That's not rewriting. That's "no writing."

Now I'm letting the guitar do the talking, too. I wanted every song on the new album to have a guitar thing, like "Sweet Jane." I wanted to do all the lead guitar work. For a long time I didn't play in my bands, because it was pointless. A few people have told me they liked the way I play guitar: Jimi Hendrix and Robert Quine. For this album I wanted guitars that sounded like strings. Some of the guitars are like horn lines. The riff going on in "Spit It Out" particularly hits when it sounds like this great big funky horn section. Not that I'm mad about horns. Certain kinds. I want a guitar that's really thick. And has bass in it. If you have bass in the guitar and you have a low voice, you're not going to have a bright-sounding album. There are two thousand million things they can do to your voice. Most of them I probably won't like, but I will know what I do like. You've got to have the right person in the studio with you. Mixing is a real art. I'm literally only as good as the person I'm working with. When I perform, I'm only as good as the other musicians and the sound engineer and the monitor mixer and the lighting guy. I got a lighting guy on the last tour who made the stage so hot, I couldn't get to the microphone. It was so hot, it burned me every time I touched it. In the end, your motorcycle is only as good as the mechanic who worked on it. If the guy's inept and didn't attach the brake right, you pay for it.

Mike, at Tramontin Harley, works on my 1340 Harley Davidson Low Glide motorcycle. You can hang the engine on the wall, it's so beautiful, but it's a lot better if you put a gas tank on top of it, with a seat, and go riding. I just had the intake manifold customized by a place in California. I mailed it to them and they mailed it back. It was incredible, what they did to it. I brought it down to the shop to show Mike, and Mike said, "That's really beautiful"; made by some unknown guy at Branch Flowmetrics . . . I did some of the work on it, too. In fact, I just had it returned to its natural state. I did a hop-up that almost destroyed the bike. It seemed like a good idea. I'm still learning. In this case, all learned the hard way, not the tragic way.

The Old Lou

He did the best he could.

The New Lou

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Ron Farrow

BURNING THE KINGDOM

"You must use fire/I won't stop rockin'/Till I retire." Aerosmith were the kings of '70s rock. Two years ago — after divorces, drug addictions, and legal hassles — they decided a comeback becomes a legend most.

Article by Sue Cummings

Joe Simmons (Run) and Darryll McDaniels (D.M.C.) are having lunch from McDonald's at Rush Productions in New York City. Sprawled on a couch, underneath a layer of burgers, fries, paper, cardboard, and styrofoam, they talk with their mouths full. "It was our producer, Rick Rubin," say Run and Darryll in unison when asked who thought of bringing Aerosmith in to record a version of "Walk This Way" for Run-D.M.C.'s new album.

The idea of crossing hard rock with rap had been around on the streets for a long time; DJs had been mixing the breaks on rock



"After we decided we wanted a reunion, we decided to wipe everything clean."

records to rap over, and *Toys in the Attic*, Aerosmith's 1976 LP with "Walk This Way," was always in their DJ, Jam-Master Jay's, stack.

"It was our favorite thing," says Run. "We didn't even know the name of the group, really. All we knew was we liked the beat. There's a breaking part in the record where the drums just play and a little guitar comes in. You just cut the start of it, scratch it from record to record, keep cutting the break part:

Boom BAT, buh boom-boom BAT
(buh) *Boom BAT, buh boom-boom BAT*

The guitar comes in:

Nuh nuh nuh NAT, nuh nuh nuh NAT-NAT (hah!)
Nuh nuh nuh NAT, nuh nuh nuh FOOKAH
FOOKAH FOOKAH FOOKAH

Then you just take it back on top again:

Boom BAT, buh boom-boom BAT . . .

The human beat-box demonstration completed, Run settles back and takes another bite of his Big Mac. "Do Aerosmith have a new record?" he asks.

"I think Aerosmith was more popular as a street thing in '79, '80," says Darryll. "I remember going to parties . . ."

As their attention wanders, their publicist sitting across the room interjects: "We consider this as Aerosmith's way of repaying their debt to black music." Run glances up, and a blob of lettuce and special sauce drops into his lap.

"What?"

Steven Tyler and Joe Perry are the toxic twins, charged with enough suppressed antagonism to rival a divorce court. Aerosmith brought Tyler and Perry together, made them rich and famous, broke them up, brought them together again, and dragged them through a series of divorces, drug addictions, and legal hassles with managers that continue to this day. Tyler and Perry are the core of Aerosmith, the money-making rock 'n' roll machine that has sold 18 million records since 1973. They go way back, they know

what drives each other crazy.

Sitting in a velvet chair at a marble table in a posh San Francisco hotel, Steven fires catty remarks at Joe until the scene becomes the verbal equivalent of a cafeteria food fight. Dressed in all black, Joe coolly deflects Steven's jabs, sips Perrier, and talks business: influences (Yardbirds, Stooges, *Machine Head*), their tour (with Ted Nugent), Max's Kansas City ("You could cop at the door," interrupts Steven), their reunion ("Who doesn't need the money?"), and his divorce from Elissa, who recently had been working as a coat-check girl at a club in Boston ("It helped me a lot," he says soberly of the split).

Steven has a tattoo on his shoulder that says "Ma Kin." "I went down to Provincetown one night," he says. "It was right after the album (*Aerosmith*) was out. We thought we owned the world, and we thought 'Mama Kin' was gonna be a single. I walked into this tattoo parlor and said, 'I want a little bit of that and that.' I drew some musical notes for them, there's a G-clef in the middle, there's fire and flames. I got drunk to do it. It hurt like hell."

Their publicist, sitting in for the interview, clears her throat loudly to signal her disapproval of the subject matter, but Joe doesn't hear.

"You guys were fucking hammered that night," he says. "Are you kidding! Me and Brad are the only ones who didn't go down. We knew how crazy we'd get if we took Quaaludes and drank."

"Hey . . .," says Steven, suddenly quiet.

"Truly," continues Joe, "I haven't had an idea for a tattoo that I liked. Every once in a while I'll ask people to draw something up."

"Yeah!" says Steven. "On the Lear jet the other night you were talking about getting your dick barber-poled. Is that true, Joe?"

"Well, the thing is . . . it gets barber-poled all the time, you just have to wash the lipstick off it."

They use the jokes to blow off steam, to harness the tension that seems spawned, these days, of settling in for the long, grueling haul of professional

adolescence. Joe had been fooling around in the studio with Alice Cooper, taking a break from work with the Joe Perry Project, when Steven phoned him and they started to patch things up.

"I was talking to Joe about Jeff Beck and Jimmy Page," says Steven. "We wondered what those guys do. Don't they ever, somewhere in the back of their mind, want to get together, play, get that music out like they did in the old days? To me, it's got to happen. I think anybody that's great and stops what they're doing, if time allows them and they stay alive—sometime in their life they'll see the light. It will happen. It's got to."

As Aerosmith reformed last year, original guitarists Brad Whitford and Joe replaced their replacements, Rick Dufay and Jimmy Crespo. They began playing gigs under pseudonyms in small clubs that would fill at just the rumor of their appearance. This secrecy only reinforced the loyalty of the cognoscenti. Despite their graceless decline in the early '80s, people wanted the original Aerosmith back.

"We played in L.A. once as Ray Coe and the Seat Covers," says Steven. "That was really nuts. Word got around, and the night of the show there must have been 6,000 people there out at the Starwood. Police helicopters with the beams: 'Get out of the streets!'"

The random dates expanded into a full-blown tour, organized by Aerosmith's new management company, Collins-Barrasso. Soon the band left CBS after a 12-year association and signed with Geffen Records.

"After we realized that we wanted a reunion to happen, we decided to wipe everything clean, from management to record label to booking agency. We'd been through it, and we weren't going to take

Run-D.M.C. and Aerosmith (L-R Jam-Master Jay, D.M.C., Run, Steve Tyler, and Joe Perry) team up for fun and profit.

anybody's word for anything anymore."

"Our schedule used to be nine months working, then three months off for an album, then nine months on the road again," says Steven. "There are rules of the road. You can really blow it out like that. Now we do six weeks, take two weeks off, then six weeks. We can go on forever like that." This year Aerosmith has been touring since the second week of January. After eight months in America, they expect to go to Japan.

In interviews last year, one of the recurring comments about their fall was, "We went from musicians dabbling in drugs to druggies dabbling in music." Now Steven and Joe have that rested, tanned, older-but-wiser-from-life-in-the-fast-lane veneer. And, 15 years since they started, Steven says, "We've still got a lot of Aerosmith in us."

"Kiss get an A for effort," says Joe. "Their comeback was very timely. They set a trend that a lot of bands are following, and now they seem to be just trying to fit in with the watered-down version of what they once did."

"Ratt and Mötley Crüe copped all my clothes and everything," says Steven, "and it's like me saying, 'Well, I'm just going to go out in my dungarees, what I have on now, and play.' Fuck that! I started something great, I'm proud of it, I love it, and if they copy me that's all right, but I'm still going to wear it because I wear it better."

Inside the booth of the studio where Aerosmith and Run-D.M.C. are recording "Walk This Way," Rick is fiddling with the drum machine, turning up first the cymbal, then the kick drum, trying out faster and slower tempos. Joe stands by the board and plays the "Walk This Way" riff through the monitors.

"Yo, call Budgie," Darryll shouts to Run. He leans against the water fountain, flicking it on and off, on and off. "It's already three o'clock."

"They said if we don't have the car back today, we're going to jail," says Run. He dials 411. "Hello, can I have the number for Budget Rent-A-Car?"

Steven and Joe are introduced to Rick, manager Russell Simmons, Darryll, Run, and Jam-Master Jay, and all huddle together on risers to fit into one shot for the MTV camera. Steven is wired, jabbing his finger at the lens, mugging for a close-up, rapping.

He bear hugs people while Joe looks embarrassed. Run and Russell quietly argue under their breath.

"C'mon, do we have to do any more?" says Steven. "We've got a lot of work and only a little time." (Rush Productions reportedly paid Aerosmith \$8,000 to have Steven and Joe in the studio for one day.) Steven's girlfriend, Teresa, walks up to him with a jeweled cigarette case, and they disappear into a bathroom and emerge noticeably refreshed. The last photos taken, Rick returns to the booth and decides to lay down the guitar part first. Joe does the first take in deep concentration, oblivious to the clinking of Lite beer bottles. His back to the growing crowd of spectators, he plays a blond Schecter with "Protest and Survive" burned into the front of the head.

Russell tells Run and Darryll to go outside and get the lyrics down with Steven.

"I want it to be b-boy language," says Run.

"I keep telling you, I already is," says Russell.

"Hey diddle diddle with the titty in the middle," says Run.

"Hey diddle diddle with the kitty in the middle," corrects Steven. "Get me some paper and I'll write it down for you."

Someone hands him a sheet and he kneels on the floor, Magic Marker in hand.

"No, that's OK, we know it," says Run. "We're just gonna do one take, then we gotta leave. We gotta return the car."

By nine the session's over and everyone has left, except Rick and Russell, who are waiting for an engineer to dupe cassettes of the rough mix.

"The original is a classic, but some of the things Steven and Joe did today—this could also be very interesting," says Rick.

"Joe thinks it might also get Run-D.M.C. on rock radio," says Russell.

"I want to finish it next week, do Run-D.M.C.'s part when I come back from L.A.," says Rick. Last year he was running an independent label out of his college dorm, and this year he flies around on a gold card and hires lawyers twice his age. Steven Tyler and Joe Perry are twice his age. For weeks he's been telling me: "When I was a kid, in high school, Aerosmith was always the best, my favorite group."

"You know," says Rick, "I wouldn't mind producing their next album."

*Keepin' touch with Mama Kin
Tell her where you gone and been
Livin' out your fantasy
Sleepin' late and smokin' tea.*

—"Mama Kin"

When Aerosmith began their comeback in 1984 trouble began dogging them. Their old management, Leber-Krebs, sued Aerosmith, charging they broke contracts promising Leber-Krebs five more albums. David Krebs claims he is still owed "in the high six-digit figures" for advances to Aerosmith and expects to be awarded about \$2 million in the lawsuit. Of course, Aerosmith countersued, claiming that Leber-Krebs owes them money.

Leber-Krebs's turn. This spring, while Aerosmith was touring to support their new Geffen Records album, *Done With Mirrors*, Leber-Krebs released an album called *Aerosmith Classics Live*, on CBS, that Steven is unhappy with. According to Krebs, the band was invited into the studio for mixing and overdubs, but, probably on the advice of their lawyer, never replied. Salting the wound, when the album was released in April, a full-page CBS ad in *Billboard* omitted *Done With Mirrors* from an Aerosmith discography and mimicked the promotional campaign Jeff Ayeroff had designed for the Geffen record.

"The quality of *Aerosmith Classics Live* isn't very good," says Mark Parento, a DJ for WBCN in Aerosmith's hometown, Boston. "I don't think we're going to be playing it. It's a sleazy, cheap move by David Krebs. I don't have much good to say about David Krebs."

David Krebs is defensive. "I'm not bitter," he contends. "I had 12 real good years. It's just rather tragic that we've got outsiders who are tampering with the heart of the band. It will probably lead to a lot of disillusionment in the people who really love the music."

"We're dealing with a group of people who started out as human beings and went through major changes during a period of drug addiction," says Krebs. "If you want to know what kind of people Joe Perry and Steven Tyler are, call up their wives and see how much time they've spent with their children lately."



"I think there was one point last year where he was actually taking urine samples to keep them honest."



SO

Peter Gabriel

Featuring "Sledgehammer" Produced by Daniel Lanois and Peter Gabriel. On Geffen Records, Cassettes and Compact Discs. © 1986 The David Geffen Company



"They were so high and so rich and so successful that they just became lost."

A former management employee says that on the 1979 *Draw the Line* tour, after starting off with unlimited advances, the band agreed that each band member would get \$500 per week. "All the money came into Contemporary Communications (Leber-Krebs's company), everyone had Aerosmith Productions credit cards, it was really confusing," he says. "Then someone in the band would ask for three weeks' advances up front. ■ was Aerosmith's money. I had to advance money that could have only gone for drugs. The deals were made in my presence once or twice."

Joe Perry split from the band after a show in

Cleveland. The album had not sold as well as others, which dampened the band's spirits. Steven's and Joe's wives had been quarreling, and Steven and Joe had taken sides.

"Steven and Joe were into wretched excess in every area," says Mark Parento. "Every alcohol, every Percoset, every designer drug they could get their hands on. I think it was the reality of *being* Aerosmith when they were very young. Steven considered being really high what a rock star should be."

"They lost reality. They had thousands of dollars in their hand every day to go out and spoil themselves, but the big money was never put away. They just forgot to go to work again. They were so high and so rich and so successful that they just became lost, and it turned into a negative, mucky situation."

After Joe left the band he immediately formed the Joe Perry Project, which put out three albums of its own. Parento says, "We were hanging out ■ lot at that time, still do. Joe got a divorce from his wife, found himself out on the streets of Boston by himself, and I think that sort of jolted him into reality. The Perry Project toured the country just about every year. It was doing OK, but certainly not the kind of business that Aerosmith had done. It was a low period for Joe, but it was actually strengthening. Being out on his own got him a lot more clearheaded in the long run."

Steven was spending a lot of time hanging out in New York City during '83 and '84. Collins-Barrasso picked Joe up, and Parento says that Tim Collins acted as a "big-brother manager." "Slowly but surely Joe detoxed, started getting his life together. He and Steven started talking again because they had always really been friends. Tim was helping Joe by having the right doctors. Steven and Joe both went to detox houses and actually take Antabuse so that they don't drink."

"Tim Collins turned both of them on to health—going to health clubs, floating in deprivation tanks. I think there was one point last year where he was actually taking urine samples to keep them honest. Tim Collins and Steven Barrasso are the reason Aerosmith is working again."

Almost 18,000 people turn out to see Aerosmith and Ted Nugent at the Philadelphia Spectrum: 14-year-olds with Mötley Crüe headbands, freaky drunk longhairs in knee-high brown suede fringe moccasins, punk rockers and Jon Bonjovi clones, white boys with ghetto blasters blaring "Draw the Line," "Lord of the Thighs," "Big Ten Inch," and Slayer, headbangers in faded denim escorted by their parents.

Aerosmith opens with "Same Old Song and Dance." When they play old songs, the crowd roars. The new ones—"My Fist, Your Face," "Shela," and "The Hop"—sound cast from the same mold. "Gypsy Boots" ■ almost like "Walk This Way."

"New Aerosmith, folks," says Steven, mindful of the new album's faltering position on the charts. He exits the stage for a costume change while Joe tears into ■ cover of Hendrix's "Red House."

Watching Steven strut, pout, wiggle his ass, and flash ■ blackface grin with lips as big as Mick's, you can see why he was called the "Yankee Jagger." But Aerosmith carved their own niche after the Stones, inspired by the Stones' heroes, and especially by the Stones' success. "Steven and I stood on the stage at the Boston Garden after the Stones had just played there and the stage was still up," says Joe. "We had been playing cards, maybe a high school dance, to 400 or 500, maybe a thousand. We just stood on

continued on pg. 73

Tempted by the siren song of his Strat, Joe Perry leaves his Les Paul behind.





FELÁ FREED!

Nigerian authorities thought 18 months in jail might silence the rebel king of sex, hemp, and Afrobeat. They were wrong.

Interview by Randall F. Grass

Nigeria's Felá Anikúlápó-Kuti, political gadfly, king of Afrobeat, and preeminent pan-Africanist, regained his freedom when Nigerian authorities ordered his unconditional release from prison on April 24, 1986, after he had served 18 months of a five-year sentence for alleged violations of currency regulations, which led to his trial under anti-subversion decrees. His arrest on September 4, 1984, and subsequent conviction touched off an international protest campaign supported by such notable musicians as Herbie Hancock, David Byrne, Ginger Baker, Little Steven, and others who felt that Felá's conviction stemmed from political pressure by Nigerian government officials.

After an enlightening visit to America in 1969, Felá singlehandedly brought the '60s cultural revo-

lution to Africa. Renaming his band Africa 70, he began recording a new sound—chopping, James Brown-style guitar funk, pulsating multi-percussion, chantlike vocals, an answering chorus of blaring horns, and lots of swirling horns and keyboard solos. His lyrics—sung in pidgin English or Yoruba, one of the languages of Nigeria—exposed and mocked corrupt politicians and civil servants, evildoers, and Europeanized Africans. These were not generalized protest songs; Felá named names.

For Felá, there was no distinction between public and private life. He turned his home in Lagos into Kalakuta Republic—a commune where his followers played music, smoked hemp, made love, raised children, and clashed with Nigeria's military government. Worse yet, Felá intimated that he was considering running for president.

In 1977, one of Felá's followers fled to the Kalakuta compound after a run-in with soldiers. The soldiers surrounded the house, and in the ensuing melee, they beat, raped, and arrested Felá's followers, ultimately setting the house on fire. Felá's mother was thrown from a window and died soon after. Following the funeral, Felá carried her coffin, in a long procession of his 27 wives (members of his organization whom he married in a single ceremony shortly after the attack), musicians, and Africa 70 foot soldiers, directly to the military-barracks residence of then head of state Olusegun Obasanjo. The encounter was memorialized on his *Coffin for Head of State* LP. The assault nearly destroyed Felá as a musician (his arm was permanently injured, preventing him from playing tenor saxophone), political force, and emerging

star on the world scene. No musician has more completely lived his political beliefs or paid more dues.

Just as Bob Marley's death heightened his recognition, Felá's imprisonment gave him fame beyond his previous cult-hero status in America and Europe. At Kirikiri, Nigeria's toughest prison, where Felá was sent, the inmates give new prisoners a terrifying initiation of beatings, torture, and heavy manual labor. But as Felá arrived to begin his sentence, he was greeted with cheers in the prison yard and asked to sing. The other prisoners began clapping out the beat as Felá sang the defiant title song of his album *Army Arrangement*.

Since the early '70s, Felá's Afrobeat had been known to growing numbers of pan-Africanists, black liberationists, African music buffs, political progressives, and aficionados of ground-breaking music. But aside from a minor flurry with the 1977 release by Mercury Records of his antimilitary satire *Zombie*, Felá's music received scant airplay in the US and little attention in the media. When Sunny Adé's quicksilver success suddenly accelerated interest in African sounds, the time seemed right for Felá to step forward. He'd finally completed a long regrouping process in the wake of the late-'70s attacks and signed his first international recording contract in years. Capitol/EMI released a new live LP and reissued *Original Sufferhead* and *Black President*. But, after he was arrested, EMI dropped Felá.

Felá's 39-member Egypt 80 band, led by his son Femi on vocals and sax, carried on as best they could after the arrest. When Felá was detained at the airport, he told them to fly on to America and play the arranged concert dates. He hoped that the seemingly absurd charges would be cleared up quickly. He was not released, however, and the band played disorganized, lackluster dates in California and New York before returning to Nigeria, where with the help of Felá's brother Beko (himself jailed after he organized his fellow doctors), they struggled to support themselves by playing college concerts and shows at Felá's club, the Shrine.

At first, Felá's supporters were optimistic that he would be released after a face-saving interval, but concern mounted as months passed. Amnesty International launched an investigation into Felá's case and declared him a political prisoner on October 16, 1985. MTV, PBS, the BBC, and other major television networks ran features on Felá, as did most major print media, including SPIN ("Rebel on Ice," May 1985) and *The New York Times*. A petition campaign began, "Free Felá" T-shirts appeared, and large benefit concerts took place in Greece, Paris, and Berlin. A new deal with Celluloid Records launched the scathing *Army Arrangement* LP, Felá's first new international studio release in four years, as well as reissues of such classics as *Zombie*, *Shuffling and Shmiling*, and *No Agreement*. Felá's name and music reached millions who had never previously heard of him.

His release, granted by a Nigerian regime that publicly criticized the previous regime as having "gone too far," poses some interesting questions: Will Felá temper his political activities or message? Has prison dealt a crippling blow to his psyche or to his organization? Will Felá's music retain its power? We reached him in Lagos via a murky telephone connection amid preparations for his appearance at the Amnesty International benefit concert. Though his words were hard to hear, their meaning was clear and uncompromising as ever.

Tell us about your arrest and trial.

I was supposed to go to the States for a tour, so I got some money to take with me. When I got to the airport, this guy stopped me and said I had some money in my coat. I didn't know he was going to take it so serious—I thought he just wanted a bribe. Anyway, I was detained. I went to the court Friday. I



Courtesy Celluloid Records

Fela, shown with his son Sheu, doesn't want his marriage to 27 of his followers to make him "inaccessible to other women."

got bail and went home that night. A week later, I was rearrested by the police. When I got to the police station, the officer said I was a CIA agent, that was why I was going to America! I told this guy that if they ever told this to the CIA, they would take a day off for laughter! So I started laughing myself. Then I got mad. My lawyer got mad and wanted to report them to the inspector general of the police. The inspector ordered them to either release me immediately or charge me with something. That was why they had to move the case away from the court where it was before and re-charge me. Then they revoked bail, and after that they went through a whole mess of what we call "justice." Then they sentenced me to five years.

You'd been in prison before several times. How was this experience different?

Oh, it was real prison, man. I'd never stayed more than 30 days for any kind of grievance before. This was 18 months.

What were the conditions like?

Our prisons are very bad. When I was in Ikoyi prison, people were dying every day. They were carrying bodies out of the prison every day.

Dying from what? Beatings? Lack of food?

The hygiene is nil, no good food anywhere, medical care is nil—prisoners have to buy their own medicine. For instance, because of my health, I have to have a special diet, and my family had to send it to me since last November.

What sort of treatment did you have from the jailers?

Oh, most of them were friendly toward me. Most, not all.

Since there was strong political pressure to put you there, why were they friendly?

They are ordinary Africans. They suffer the same things we suffer. They just work for their pay. They don't necessarily have to be hostile toward me, because they understand what I'm doing. They aren't really against me.

Were you at one time moved to a prison hospital?

Not a prison hospital. I was moved to a university hospital because I was ill—I had an ulcer.

Some people thought at the time that they were preparing to release you and that's why they moved you.

Nooo! Bullshit!

How did you deal with the situation psychologically and spiritually? What sorts of

things did you do to keep your spirit alive and maintain yourself?

[Chuckles] When I was going to prison, I said to myself, "If these people want me to suffer, I must learn to suffer!" That was my first thought. When I got to jail, man, I saw that it was very boring. To kill boredom I had to either read books or play games. Then I decided that these things only create an artificial interest. I decided to try to not play games, not read books, and just try to let the time go and see whether I could conquer boredom that way—try not to think, if possible, think only of the future, if possible, think of the past, then remix it toward the future. It was difficult at first, but things moved faster. I spent all day in bed—most of the day I'd sleep. Most of the time I'd wake up at night.

What was boring toward the end for me was the speculation that I was going to be released. This speculation went on for eight months, and made it harder. That was the worst. When it got too boring, I decided to expose this judge who sentenced me. It was the apology of this judge that quickened my release.

The judge who sentenced you came to you in prison?

He came to me, yes. And he told me that he didn't jail me, that he was pressured, and that after the sentence, he wrote two letters asking for my release. And that I should leave everything to God! [Chuckles] Anyway, I finally told the chief superintendent of prisons to try to write the present military government to release me if he felt that way, and he said he would do that.

I didn't want to expose them at the beginning, because people were telling me to be bashful. But I've never been bashful all my life—that is mostly why I've been winning all my contests with the government. So I took up the strategy that I usually do. I wanted to expose them, but people said I was going to get out of prison [if I would] keep their "secret" secret. But unfortunately, after eight months I was still there, so I called my brother in Lagos and told him to expose them in the press. I didn't care about the consequences. After I exposed the judge, the whole nation started to rise against the government—the press, the people, everyone!

Do you think international opinion had any effect?

Oh yeah, it had a lot of effect. But I would like to suggest that those international movements like Amnesty . . . all these governments in Africa make their efforts almost fruitless. If the United Nations—it is supposed to be appointed to do these things—had a lot more power, that would be better. International agitation over my case made people aware that the government was wrong, that is all. It was not effective in gaining my release. If I had not exposed the judge, I would not be out of prison yet.

What was the official explanation for your release?

It was an unconditional release. That means I have no record—I did not commit any offense.

What happened to your band and family while you were in prison?

That was where my brother Beko was very effective for me. He did everything for me, so my band is intact right now. It's fantastic.

What kind of new musical plans do you have? Has your prison experience given you new ideas?

I had some new songs that I played in my head, but I wasn't able to write them. So I'm ready to play them now. I'm going to add some new instruments and new effects.

What kind of instruments?

I don't want to say until I've done it.

In the past, you have avoided synthesizers. What

"I have accomplished so far two things: People finally know the honesty of my struggle and the potentiality of my leadership."

about now?

I don't want to use electronics. I want to really control what the sound is like—I don't want the machine to control what I say.

How do you see your role now? Do you see yourself making political statements? Will you sue the government for imprisoning you for no reason? [Laughs sardonically] Look. How can I sue a government in a court that I have already said is corrupt?

But didn't you sue them before?

Yes, many times. They didn't pay me anything! So why should I do it again? It's a waste of time. There isn't any court. We just have people putting on wigs—that's all we got here!

Will you continue making political statements in your music?

I will make a very final statement—what I think the government should do, what I think the country should do. I'm going to finish making those statements, and then I'm going back to work. I'm going to make my statement that I'm still going to run for president. The rest I can't tell you until I say it in the open. I don't want anyone to say I'm telephoning the CIA in secret [laughs].

Your manager said you don't believe in marriage anymore, or that there is a change in your philosophy about lifestyle.

I didn't say that. I said that I wasn't going to allow the marriage institution to tie me down anymore. I

said I'm going to play down my marriage, make my environment more open, because I want to have more women around me. Not only because I like women, but also because of my business, many women want to come around me. The marriage I had several years ago [when he married 27 members of his organization at once] has made many African women who want to participate in my art stay away. Those around me have used marriage to try to envelop my life—to make my environment inaccessible to other women. I have a new life now—don't want anything to stop that freedom.

You see, modern African women use this concept of marriage as a license to kind of put a man in their pocket, do you understand? So [my wives] created a jealous ring around me. Women couldn't speak to me. Women who aren't married to me were being harassed, which was not at all in the African concept of married life. You know, this is very colonial. The women are influenced by foreign lifestyles. They want to make marriage possessive, which I did not expect to happen when I married them. So now I will do as I was doing before I was married, because I think it's important for what I want to do.

Do people misunderstand your philosophy of marriage and women? There is always a sensational aspect to "Fela and his wives."

Oh, yes! People thought I was trying to say that women had no say, no rights. I was not saying that. I was saying that women had a role, a duty. When they want to have a say in government—though in Africa they are not expected to do that—they are not discouraged. They can do what they want to do. I was saying that women have their own duties to perform with respect to men, that's all. I was not saying that women should take a back seat. If a female wants to do a man's job, no one will stop her from doing it, but women have duties to perform as mothers.

On the African scene now there are very few musicians who are politically relevant. The most popular seem to be the more party-oriented ones, like Sunny Adé.

No one in Nigeria likes to play political music now, because the political situation is very bad. Africa is not like Europe in any way at all. If I can go to jail 18 months, think how long an ordinary musician would go. But people want to hear political music. There are a few boys trying to, but it is not an easy thing to do political music. If you do, they clamp you down. At one time I was to play Zaire, but I wasn't allowed into the country at all.

Some might say that if you had been a little more subtle, a little more calculating, a little less outspoken, you would not have been so persecuted. Is there any sense in saying that?

Yes, there is sense, but there is also sense in just acting the way you feel, without compromising, rather than acting on the concept of being afraid of being punished for one thing or another.

But you've paid a high price—your mother's death, for instance—and you were taken off the scene for a long while, which must have made the government happy. How was it worth it?

I'm not your average politician. I believe in higher forces. I believe that suffering has a purpose. I cannot suffer like this for no reason. I'm not working for any selfish reason or ulterior motives; I'm working for the improvement of my fellow man. So I have nothing to fear. I suffered a lot, but I feel fine now. I'm happy for the suffering, because I believe it's opened the eyes of many people. I have accomplished so far two things: People finally know the honesty of my struggle and the potentiality of my leadership. People now want to hear what I'm saying.



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HAVE YOU EVER HAD A DREAM WHERE YOU KNEW YOU WERE DREAMING, BUT IT WAS SO REAL THAT YOU DIDN'T TRUST YOUR JUDGEMENT?



AND YOU THOUGHT 'WELL, MAYBE IT DID GET THIS BAD, BUT IT GOT BAD SO FAST AND SO DIFFERENT!'



SO THEN YOU THOUGHT 'NAH! IT'S JUST A DREAM. THINGS AREN'T THIS BAD YET!' UNTIL SUDDENLY, IT ALL SEEMED FEASIBLE AGAIN...



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MAN, WHEN I HAVE DREAMS LIKE THAT IT SCARES THE HELL OUT OF ME! T-T-HIS WOOL ITCHES! 'D~



plateau and then, as Bruce Springsteen learned to dance and make videos while draped in the flag, it dropped like a bluff. Prince was too peculiar, too unpredictable, too much of a prick; celebrity of the largest sort demands a more stable product, a likelier subject, an emptier image more likely to contain the fantasies of a whole nation's fans. The Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance shuttle of all-swallowing consumability that raced from Michael Jackson to Prince to Bruce was as ferocious as a brushfire and as predictable as the tides.

If Prince's next album, *Around the World in a Day*, was a retreat from his celebrity, it was a stunning success of tactics. *Purple Rain* was a tough act to follow, and the winds of popularity had shifted. Whether it was the artist's urge to change, the businessman's need to diversify, or the marketing expert's rush not to glut the consumer with a single image, Prince went psychedelic. Rock critics raced to be the first or the thousandth to compare it to *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* by the Beatles, one of the central documents of rock literacy, a large bronzed milestone along the long and winding road of the mythic '60s. It had a cover with puzzling figures posed on it that cried out for interpretation. It must be like *Sgt. Pepper's*!

It was, instead, a far more cynical sort of thing—it was a black psychedelic record, like Hendrix's *Axis: Bold As Love*, like Sly's first couple of albums, like the Temptations' "Psychedelic Shack" or even the Chambers Brothers' "Time (Has Come Today)"—but it would have been hoping for far too much to expect rock critics to recognize that. It was music inspired by a time when black musicians had been messing with a style that sprinkled paisley over their rooted traditions, that sought, in a time of eclipse, to keep those traditions intact beneath disguises.



Above: Prince in a scene from *Under the Cherry Moon*.



Prince was too peculiar, too unpredictable, too much of a prick.

The self-made man. The idiot-savant. The autodidact. The genius. Each one brilliant and at times a crashing bore, each one fascinating to others and fascinated mainly by himself. As an excellent example of the enterprising individual making his way in the free market, a small businessman done good, it seems surprising that *Esquire* hasn't gotten around to producing some "celebration" of Prince as one of the bold new breed, the best of a new generation, one of the Men And Women Under Forty Who Are Changing America Again This Time, another of the new venturesome capital visionaries. Surely he must meet all the specifications; surely the fact that he didn't have any songs on the soundtrack of *The Big Chill* can't have disqualified him entirely or else why would those other artist business visionaries David Byrne and Laurie Anderson have rated?

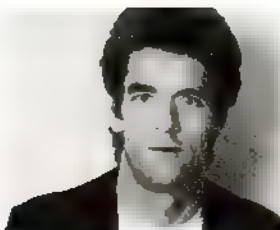
Because Prince has, after all, generated entire industries of Prince imitators, his own brand and off-brand, with each new single he spins out, and the vast majority of the results have been some of the best pop music of our time. When he took over Sheila E.'s encore in Los Angeles last spring, he was looking to get a little revenge on the heretical Morris Day, who'd stolen his movie moments in *Purple Rain* and then proceeded on a solo career out from under Prince's protective umbrella. "What's that dance they do out here?" Prince asked. "The Oak Tree?" It was the name of Morris's first solo dance-single, and Prince was grinning a wicked grin. He seemed, for the first time in memory, to be showing a sense of humor. "Well," he declared, "we're gonna have to chop that down and make a wooden leg out of it!" and he and his new expanded soul-revue-sized band proceeded to do just that, with Prince stiff-legging and stumping around on the whittled toothpick of his former protegee's solo aspirations.

He was just back from making his second movie, *Under the Cherry Moon*, in France—not the first black

American to go there and come back changed—and he seemed looser, more relaxed, and more genuinely confident than he'd ever been before. He was playing his new funk in a fresh white French-cut suit and he looked like he hadn't found any ladder in the sky, just a new position.

The successive successes of *Purple Rain*—the album and the movie—had opened a world of possibilities for Prince. *Around the World* made it plain that he felt free to pick any one—or all—he pleased. He went to France. There's a tradition of Americans, generation after generation, sailing off to discover France, a place as sexy and romantic and drenched in class as their real home could never be. There's also a distinct tradition, different, but not entirely so, of generation after generation of talented black Americans sailing off for the haven of security France provides them (in both cases, a corollary effect is that their stock back home goes skyrocketing with glamorous bursts of French cachet). Ready to make his second movie and his next move, too big to stay big by staying in America, susceptible to the most romantic parts of both traditions, Prince sails.

The demands of France on its black American talent are similar to those of America, but ever so much more rewarding. From the days of Josephine Baker to the days of Grace Jones, those demands have stayed consistent. You're still considered a primitive, but at least you get to be a noble savage. The role required may feel familiar, but it's larger, more vivid, more fun. If you're something like an adorable beast, you are at least encouraged. So Prince's trip to France has found him refashioning the framework of his music once again, coming up with a fresh new way to funk. For the sophisticated few, granted a vivid American imagination and a tourist's tendency to finesse the details, France could seem like a dreamland of special freedom. And if you wanted it very badly—and Prince does—it could seem like a fresh new vision of Uptown.



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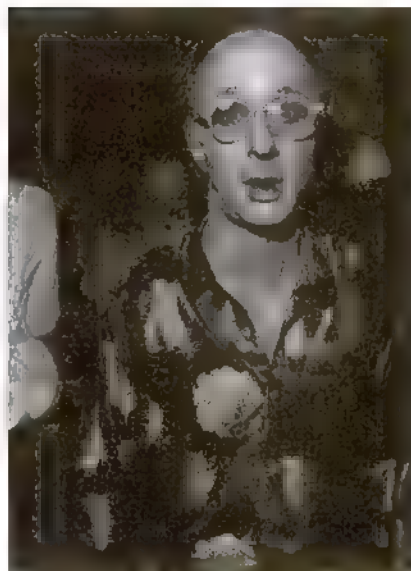
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WE'RE ON THE LIST



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Some people actually were on the list. Clockwise from top right: LL Cool J; Trouble Funk; the Red Hot Chili Peppers; (l-r) Diana Holtzberg, Peter Carbonaro, Karen Dolan, Alexandria, and Ed Rouse (who invited these lucky people?); Stephen Sprouse, Debbie Harry, and Fab 5 Freddy; Coolio Mendi, August Darnell, and David Spade; Paul Shaffer.



George DuBoise



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George DuBoise

The rich, the famous, and the desperate listed SPIN's first anniversary at The Saint in New York City on March 19, 1986.

It was the best of parties; it was the worst of parties.

It was like heaven; everyone wanted to be there. It was like hell; everyone was there.

It was a totally democratic party. The people in the V.I.P. room were equal to the people in the rest of the club.

Nobody could find their dates. Some found new dates. Some did business. Some did pleasure. Some laughed. Some cried. Nobody said goodbye, they just worked the room. Patti Smith, Jimmy Hoffa, J.D. Salinger, Syd Barrett, and some of the children depicted on milk cartons were there. Diana Holtzberg set all this up. Blame her or bless her.

Bob gave the longest speech in the history of discotheques, and nobody booed. Trouble Funk and the Red Hot Chili Peppers played. Platinum Blonde didn't play, because it got too late. And how many hands ever know when it's too late? The party was great, because even when you were hot, tired, lost, and drunk, you know that you were there with people who either loved SPIN or really wanted publicity. I'd do it all again, and I wouldn't change a thing, except I'd take a walkie-talkie, a flashlight, and a mask.

—Glenn O'Brien

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EGBERT & CISCO AT THE VIDEOS

CISCO: This month we have videos by Katrina and the Waves, Asia, Lou Reed, the Outfield, Julian Lennon, and the Moody Blues.

EGBERT: First we have Danny Wilde's "Isn't It Enough?"

CISCO: We see a bunch of guys hanging out in a garage with their guitars.

EGBERT: And a girl in bed. She's restless. She's kicking junk. There's Danny Wilde. He's a greaser with long hair.

CISCO: Wearing a brown leather jacket and an orange shirt. Figures.

EGBERT: He looks like he's about Julian Lennon's age, maybe a little older. He's got on a western tie that looks like a silver arrow. It's really obnoxious. Meanwhile, the girl's tossing and turning. It must be hard to sleep through all that noise.

CISCO: Oops! She's up and by the window. It's a pretty nice day outside.

EGBERT: We never get to see too much of her. I don't even know if she's good-looking yet.

CISCO: I'm not sure she's a girl yet.

EGBERT: She's a girl.

CISCO: This is a very heterosexual motorcycle band, though the girl don't look like no motorcycle girl.

EGBERT: She looks like the kind of model who gets a lot of work from *Good Housekeeping*. This band is second-generation Tom Petty, as in Tom Petty's son. These guys are making me appreciate Bryan Adams a lot more. We didn't know what a good thing we had.

CISCO: There's the girl again, walking down the beach, although we only get a knee's-eye view.

EGBERT: There's no eye contact, have you noticed? This is a dishonest video. Here she comes walking down the street.

CISCO: She's got a really affected walk.

EGBERT: Now we have Katrina and the Waves, "Is That It?" This is another "Hard

Katrina's sort of like a younger, female Huey Lewis.

Day's Afternoon." Katrina has really white eyeballs.

CISCO: She looks like a teenage Grace Slick.

EGBERT: This band is into the classic pop thing. I think Lenny Kaye produced this. I like it.

CISCO: The video is very slick and pleasing to the eye.

EGBERT: They've got the look moves: Billy Idol's look move, Lou Reed's look move, Jonathan Richman's look move.

CISCO: They look like the people in those Esprit ads.

EGBERT: Some sportswear company

should definitely sign this group up. This group is ready-to-wear.

CISCO: This video is like a fashion spread come to life.

EGBERT: Yep. I want an outfit like that.

CISCO: Look at all the different shoes they own.

EGBERT: God, Imelda Marcos would go nuts over this video. That's a nice jacket she's got on. I couldn't wear it, but it looks good on her.

CISCO: She's got on salmon-colored lipstick that makes you think of fish in heat swimming upstream.

EGBERT: And she sings pretty good, too. She's sort of like a younger female Huey Lewis. Katrina's got just the right number of fillings. See, you can see three fillings when she opens her mouth wide like that. I love this band. I'm in the wave, man.

CISCO: Next we have Asia, "Heat of the

Katrina and Wave Vince De La Cruz admire some particularly striking designer sportswear.

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JULY 1985 Sting, Nick Cave, General Public, Lone Justice, Touré Kunda, Beastie Boys, Muhammad Ali.

AUGUST 1985 Eurythmics, Billy Bragg, Leonard Cohen, Ike Turner, Sanic Youth, Midnight Oil.

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Jeffrey Mayer

Moment." This is another fashion show.

EGBERT: The screen is divided into 16 alternating blocks, like the board on *Concentration*.

CISCO: We see someone handing someone a bunch of roses. Now the screen changes, and we see people kissing, someone being slapped.

EGBERT: Now we see the band. Now an alarm clock, an EKG, a freebase torch reflected off of sunglasses, the drummer's foot in lurex socks and silver shoes.

CISCO: You know, he doesn't have any hair in his nose.

EGBERT: Neither does Ozzy Osbourne. I looked inside his nose, and it looked like it was made of plastic. You know, this multiscreen effect makes it seem like we're in jail. I want to get out.

CISCO: Next we have Lou Reed, "No Money Down." Don't Lou look great? He's totally dead. Only his lips move; no other part of his face.

EGBERT: Which is not so unusual, right?

CISCO: Right. He has a jaw just like Frankenstein's, and he's definitely not in sync with the song.

EGBERT: But that's not so unusual, right?

CISCO: Yes, but this is intentionally out of sync. Lou looks like someone who was in a terrible accident and is totally paralyzed, except for the jaw, trying to sing. Wow, look at that. He's pulling his face off. He probably just got his hospital bill and found out he's not covered by insurance.

EGBERT: He's pulling his head off. We see that underneath Lou's just plastic and wires. It's pretty amazing. It's the perfect metaphor for the narcissistic self-destruction of the rock star.

CISCO: This video is up to my expectations.

EGBERT: Next we have the Outfield, "Your Love." They're indoors, wearing winter coats and sort of swaggering. The lead singer looks really short. He barely reaches the microphone. He has a really tiny, tiny crucifix hanging from his left ear.

CISCO: He must use a minuscule mascara wand to apply his mascara.

EGBERT: Look, there's a girl painting on glass so it looks like she's painting over the band.

CISCO: Who does the lead singer remind you of?

EGBERT: Paul McCartney, except shorter. He's halfway between Mason Reese and Paul McCartney. Maybe he looks so short because the guitar player looks so tall.

CISCO: Obviously, the painter is the star of this video.

Above: Danny Wilde, heterosexual.

She has an enormous ponytail coming out of the top of her head.

EGBERT: It only looks enormous because the lead singer is so short. This is really a stupid video. Even the paintings aren't very good, and it's hard to have bad paintings in this day and age. What group is this again? CISCO: The Outfield.

EGBERT: Yeah, no kidding. I think David Geffen should send this band back down to double A. Next we have Julian Lennon's "Stick Around." His girlfriend just packed up. I know why she's leaving. It's the decor of the apartment. Ugh.

CISCO: This video is the story of their relationship. It looks like Julian lives in the furniture department of a large department store. What happened is this: She moves in and changes everything. His furniture is being moved out and replaced with hers.

EGBERT: I like hers better, don't you? She's reading *Vogue* and he's throwing it down. Now he's on the stationary bike and she's reading in bed. He's lying on a pillow, she's studying the ceiling.

CISCO: Now she's being joined by a New York Yankee.

EGBERT: No, it's Huey Lewis in a Yankees uniform. No, it's Joe Piscopo, and he's taking Julian's girl away. OK, here's another girl. Look, he's got the same old furniture back. She's the punk-rock girl. She's moving in her furniture, and she's making his apartment look even better than the last girl did. What a lucky guy to have a girl like this. Bright red sofa. Clear plastic easy chairs. This is how I want my house to look. This is how I want my girlfriend to look. She looks like Ed Rosen's girlfriends. Umm. Now her whole female band is in the apartment. He's fucking the Bangles.

CISCO: Oh, no. They're writing graffiti on his wall. Now we'll find out how serious he is about this girl. He's kicking her out. Now Barbi enters the picture. I think her pants just fell down.

EGBERT: This video is going to go a long way in changing Julian's image.

CISCO: This is Julian living out his David Lee Roth fantasy.

EGBERT: Yeah, he looks more like David Lee Roth than I thought.

CISCO: He's calling up the first girl, a real beauty. Did

she bring her furniture back with her?
 EGBERT: She's wearing Joey Ramone jeans, with her knees sticking out.
 CISCO: She noticed the change in decor. I think she's jealous. She wants to know where the surfboard came from. You can tell this is just a video — they kiss and make up.
 EGBERT: Now we've got the Moody Blues in "Your Wildest Dreams." Imagine how much bigger they would have been if they were a video group way back then. We see the wreckage of a Lambretta, and a lot of toilet paper, hanging from a tree. This looks like Mars. There's a house. There's a room. There's a woman in a black dress watching TV.
 CISCO: She's wearing a lot of eye makeup for someone who's sitting home alone watching TV.
 EGBERT: Yeah, well, she's all dressed up with no place to go. Here she is at an earlier time, when she was a

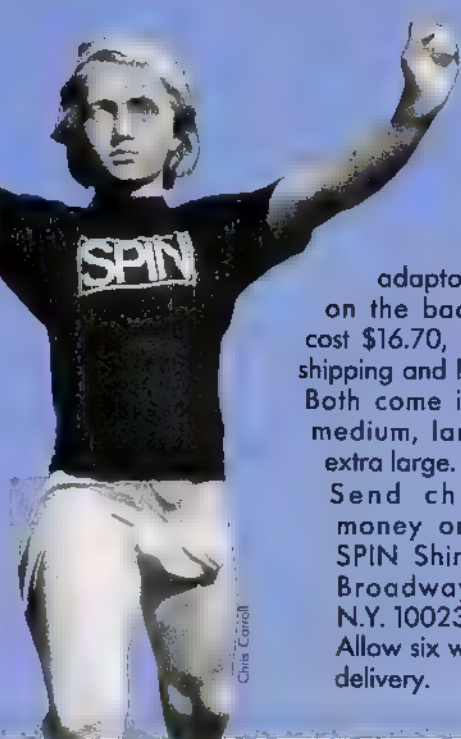
Danny Wilde makes me appreciate Bryan Adams a lot more. We didn't know what a good thing we had.

mod. This is so sad. God, she looked so great. And there's the Moody Blues. They looked so young. This is being played by child actors. They look the way people really looked then. They're leaving their house and are about to go out on the tour that will never end. Little do they know that someday they'll be up onstage and they'll have big bags under their eyes.
 CISCO: And that she'll be the girl they left behind.
 EGBERT: She still looks good, though. In fact, she looks better now. She still has the onyx guitar crucifix that he gave her back then, when he fucked her in the backseat of his English car.
 CISCO: Now she's back in her room, leaning against the wall, crying. She's still in love with the guy from the Moody Blues, who's leaning against the same wall next door.
 EGBERT: He's at a hippie party. There's the Maharishi and Jerry Garcia and Noel Redding. Man, those were the days, "Itchykoo Park."
 CISCO: She's pulling *In Search of the Lost Chord* out of her record collection.
 EGBERT: She's still got that album. She still plays it. Oh, man, the Moody Blues flashbacks. Oh, there's her uptight husband and her obnoxious, selfish kids fighting over a toy. She'd do anything to get back to the love-in.
 CISCO: She's dying to get back into her miniskirt.
 EGBERT: I wonder if her mod clothes still fit.
 CISCO: She's wondering the same thing.
 EGBERT: She does look better without the baby fat.
 CISCO: And without that baby and that husband.
 EGBERT: You can go back, honey. Leave the baby and your husband. Take the car and take the money and the credit cards.
 CISCO: She's going to a Moody Blues concert. She's walking toward the stage, wearing a different outfit every step of the way. She just snuck backstage.
 EGBERT: All the groupies are really young. Here comes the band. Will he recognize her? Yeah, yeah, he recognizes her. But he's being pulled away by the groupies.
 CISCO: He's not even resisting.
 EGBERT: What a schmuck. He doesn't want to go back. Well, that's all the time we have.
 CISCO: See you next month "At the Videos."

Gene Cisco and Roger Ebert go to the same dry cleaners as Scott Cohen and Glenn O'Brien.

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SPIN'S new line of customized T-shirts and sweat-shirts, that is. The T's are black, 100% cotton, have the SPIN logo on the front, and cost \$8.20, including shipping and handling. The sweat-shirts are black, 50% cotton—50% polyester, have our logo on the front, and (nice touch!) a 45-RPM-



adaptor design on the back. They cost \$16.70, including shipping and handling. Both come in small, medium, large and extra large. Send check or money order to: SPIN Shirts, 1965 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10023. Allow six weeks for delivery.

AEROSMITH continued from pg. 61

the stage and thought, 'Well, man, someday.' In four years that was our stage."

I think we're just a garage band that got lucky," says Joe. "It's the enthusiasm of the audience that keeps it going." The Aerosmith Underground also keeps it going. Its tri-state headquarters are in a house in New Jersey. The administrator is Darren Winston, who runs it from his bedroom. He's 17 and still lives with his parents. Darren got into Aerosmith after they broke up and has spent over \$14,000 collecting 340 different Aerosmith records, most of them bootlegs, many autographed. He has at least 150 tapes, as well as Aerosmith posters, videos, buttons, stickers, photos, footballs, Frisbees. In his closet are 75 Aerosmith T-shirts. He trades through the mail with a network of hundreds of similar fans in the U.S., Canada, Europe, and Japan.

Darren works in the mailroom at *Penthouse* magazine. He prowls the papers and magazines daily for clippings for his 18-volume Aerosmith scrapbook. When a Boston promoter sued the band because Joe allegedly violated agreements he made before he rejoined the group, Darren's file provided Collins-Barrasso with background for their defense. The day of my interview with Steven and Joe, I awoke to find a *Federal Express* package Darren had sent to my door, three inches thick with Xeroxes from his collection and a note that read: "Hope this helps. Please have the toxic twins call me." With fans like these, who needs payola?

"Whoooo-eel!" Steven shouts, holding up one of the old magazine articles Darren sent him. In the

picture a woman holds a cornucopia, one end touching her crotch. Steven is bent over, his mouth on the other end. "Look at this one of me and Julia." He hands it to Joe.

"I'd like to get copies of some of this stuff for my wife," says Joe. "She'd heard of 'Dream On' when I met her, but she'd never heard of Aerosmith. She just liked me as a person."

"Who was that?" smirks Steven.

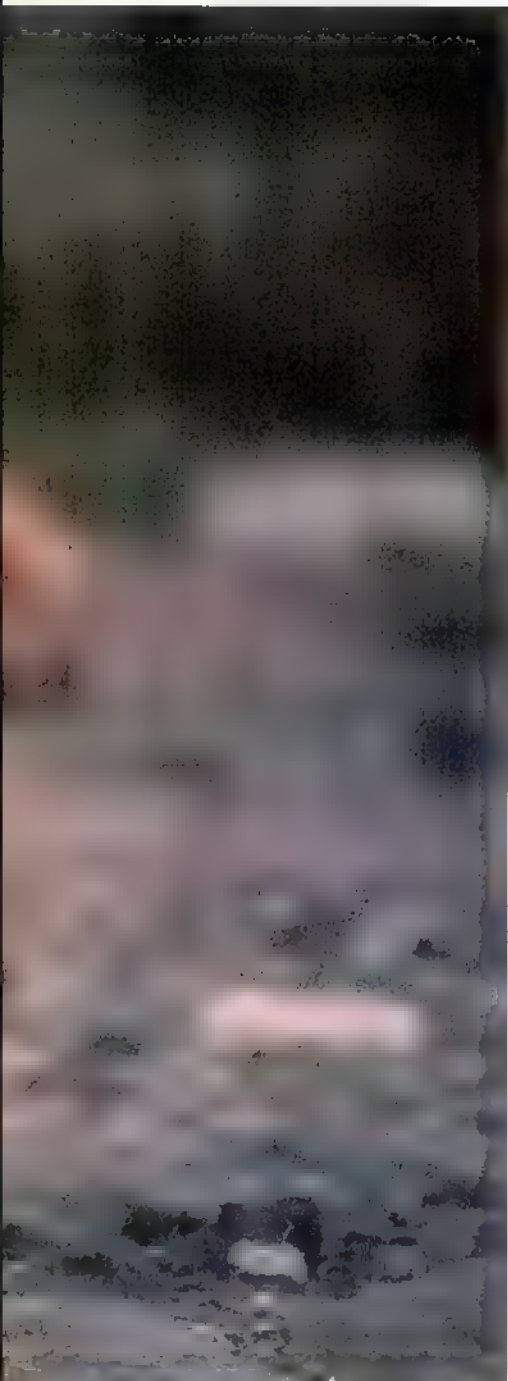
"I've met these people [like Darren]," says Steven, "one in L.A., one in Florida. There's another guy who's got all these overseas bootlegs. I got this kid from Atlanta to Xerox his things—four different bags from each year." Aerosmith's nod of recognition and thanks to the Darrens was the video for "Let the Music Do the Talking." Filmed in super-8, it follows a fan who sneaks a camera into an Aerosmith concert to bootleg the show. Director Jerry Kramer called it a "primer in guerilla video."

"The kids in the audience still get together and do whatever the fuck they want," says Joe. "From the crowds we've played for from the very beginning until now, they all get off when we're singing 'Come Together'; 'One thing I can tell you is you got to be free.' The kids go nuts when you say that. It's a tribal thing. Rock 'n' roll is freedom. Even if the kids aren't there just to hear the band, it's a meeting place. The lights go down, they get anonymous, some of them go a little nuts, but it's OK."

"When those bass bins are cranking, it does something to you physically. We have these special subwoofers. You don't really hear them, but it shakes you in the right places. You can call it the devil, you can call it God's gift."

"If it shakes you in the right places," says Steven, "it's God's gift."





LIVE AID: THE TERRIBLE TRUTH

Live Aid raised the consciousness of the planet, the hopes of the starving in Africa, and \$100 million. It almost raised Bob Geldof to a saint. But, drenched in their own glory, the organizers of Live Aid made a fatal mistake: They completely misunderstood what was really happening in Ethiopia. Today, Live Aid may be helping to kill far more people than it ever had a hope of saving.

Article by Robert Keating

The truth is shocking in its clarity. "People are dying because of their government," says Jason Clay, an anthropologist studying famine in Ethiopia. "And what groups like Live Aid are doing is helping the government set up a system that is going to cause people to die for decades to come."

"Western governments and humanitarian groups like Live Aid are fueling an operation that will be described with hindsight in a few years time as one of the greatest slaughters in the history of the twentieth century," says Dr. Claude Malhuret, whose relief agency, *Médecins sans Frontières* (Doctors Without Borders), has been kicked out of Ethiopia for speaking up against "the most massive violations of human rights we have seen in recent years."

The reality of Live Aid is that it cannot accomplish what it set out to do for the starving in Ethiopia. It never stood a chance. And evidence indicates that it is actually hurting millions of people there.



Russian arms in the hands of the marauding Ethiopian army have transformed the northern provinces into a ravaged battleground and made refugees of thousands fleeing the onslaught.

Ethiopia.

Live Aid had come face to face with the morass that is Ethiopia. Because of the antiquated railroads and tortuous roadways and the Marxist government's stubborn refusal to divert any of its fleet of vehicles from its ongoing wars and resettlement programs, little food and medicine left the port cities of Assab and Massawa, while priority was given to unloading military hardware from Soviet ships.

A year ago, hundreds of thousands of tons of food rotted on the docks beside the Red Sea.

Band Aid Trust decided to buy a broken-down fleet of trucks in Sudan, repair them, and go into the transport business. But while it might have been quicker than importing new trucks, five months passed before the fleet of 80 trucks was operable. Meanwhile, the drought and famine took a greater toll.

Band Aid Trust devised a system of chartering ships so that goods could be transported into Ethiopia at a moment's notice. By the end of last year, 19 voyages had brought in more than 100,000 tons of food. It was then that Live Aid again ran into the single greatest obstacle to feeding the famine victims in Ethiopia—the Ethiopian government. Tons of food transported by Live Aid have been confiscated by the government to pay its army in grain or to trade for arms from the Russians. (An echo of September 1984, when the government of Lt. Col. Mengistu Haile Mariam cut off all aid to famine victims so he could throw a lavish, \$200 million celebration of Haile Selassie's overthrow and inauguration of the new Communist Workers Party, with free-flowing liquor and nonstop festivities. During these days of plenty in the capital the western press got its first glimpse of the starving masses in Ethiopia who wandered near death into the capital from the distant countryside, where they had been left forgotten by the government.)

These facts alone should have given Bob Geldof pause in his future dealings with the Mengistu government. Mengistu was following a very different agenda than Live Aid, which was made starkly clear when he refused to allow aid to be delivered across the lines of his war with the rebels in Tigre, Eritrea, and the northern portions of Wollo, where 60 percent of the country's famine victims live. When an illegal cross-border operation was started from northern Sudan, Mengistu made "concessions." In return for a scaling down of the cross-border operation, he agreed to allow food to be distributed behind the march of his troops as they made their advances into rebel-held territories.

"No food is moving across the battle line," says Chris Carter, who has spent time in Eritrea and took some of the photographs on these pages. "It's nothing more than a pacification program, meant to remove the rebel forces' base support among those who live in these regions. They think the food's coming from Mengistu and that they're safe as long as they stay on his side of the line."

"Food is one kind of ammunition that a government at war can use to exercise control over a population," says Terry Norr of Mercy Corps International, a relief agency.

"For every person saved in front of the camera, getting food and moving from a desperate situation to smiling and playing Frisbee, there are a lot of other things in motion behind the scenes," says anthropologist Bonnie Holcomb. "And the relief groups are totally irresponsible for not finding them out."

The Ethiopia that Live Aid began raising money for is not the Ethiopia to which the money has gone. That is the simple, harsh truth. Ethiopia, which has the largest standing army in Africa, is embroiled in four internal wars, the major fighting

What began as a mission of mercy has become an instrument in the greatest of Ethiopia's many tragedies.

It was so simple at first. There was Band Aid and a song called "Do They Know It's Christmas?" Then Live Aid and USA for Africa and a brood of sub-'Aids', the trustees of compassion, bearing money and food, planning airlifts and rescue caravans, buying trucks and planes, selling records, and singing songs. But what began as the most spectacular musical event in history has become an instrument in the greatest of Ethiopia's many tragedies. The road of misery for millions of Ethiopians is being paved with the good intentions—but misguided or ill-planned or just plain irresponsible execution—of Live Aid and its spin-offs.

It is hard to make sense of what is going on in Ethiopia, because not much makes sense there anymore.

On the one hand, it would seem all that matters is that the aid projects were done for the right reason. But ultimately, it isn't. Right now, the reality of aid in Ethiopia is the reality of war. Brutally executed mass resettlements of millions of men, women, and children, concentration camps, and bombings that go with the manipulated drought and starvation are all killing more Ethiopians than the famine ever did.

So where are the stories about all of this? Some get out. But the few reporters who remain mostly cover the region from the relative country club luxury of Ethiopia's capital, Addis Ababa, filing their stories drawn from government handouts and guided tours of model feeding centers and resettlement sites—well distanced from the war zones and primitive holding pens. Few outsiders get to see what is going on. And so, understanding what is really happening in Ethiopia is difficult. The truth is elusive, obscured but not entirely lost in the contradictions that are as numerous as the dollars of aid flowing into the country.

Problems plagued Live Aid's efforts in Ethiopia even before last year's July 13 concert. The Band Aid Trust (which was formed shortly after the "Do They Know It's Christmas?" record brought in \$9 million and which today allocates all Live Aid monies) began shipping food and medicine to Africa only to realize that there was no adequate way to transport it once it hit the docks in

Research assistance by Nina Guccione

going on against revolutionary forces in the northern provinces of Tigre and Eritrea. There government troops have systematically scorched the farmlands, destroying crops and killing oxen, used napalm on starving noncombatants, and according to US intelligence reports, employed chemical warfare and nerve gas on their own people.

To the outside world, the Ethiopian government portrays resettlement as one of its projects for the salvation of its people in the north. In reality, it is a vicious and brutal plan carried out by the army, using food to lure the peasants into camps.

"Food has been given to Ethiopia for humanitarian purposes," says Bonnie Holcomb, "but it has served as bait in a trap that is part of an ongoing program to restructure Ethiopia's society."

In concept, resettlement is a voluntary program to help the people of Ethiopia. But it is neither voluntary nor a help. Last October 25, a unit of Ethiopian soldiers invaded a relief center at Korem in the province of Wollo, looking for "volunteers." Run by the Save the Children Fund and Medicins sans Frontières, Korem is one of the largest feeding stations, attracting peasants from miles around. Three times before, it had been hit by government troops. As the army poured into the center, 20,000 people fled in terror into the bitter cold of night, but an unlucky 600 were rounded up at gunpoint, loaded onto trucks—three of which belonged to Save the Children—and driven off to be resettled.

"Don't take these horror stories lightly," says Terry Norr. "They're just the tip of the iceberg."

Before they are sent to the resettlement camps, the victims are taken to a holding center to await transportation. There are no latrines and little food or water in these overcrowded and disease-ridden centers. Those who have escaped to refugee camps in Sudan tell horror stories of being beaten, being shot trying to escape, or of watching their families separated and brutalized. The survivors are loaded on trucks and planes for a long and horrible journey. Soviet Antonov planes, designed to carry 50 paratroopers, were put into duty moving 350 to 400 people more than 500 miles to the camps in the south.

"People were crushed to death on the impact of takeoff and landing," says Holcomb, who interviewed scores of survivors. "They were suffocating, throwing up on each other, literally being asphyxiated. One woman was standing on a body that she didn't know if it was dead or alive—but she couldn't move. Children had to be held over people's heads so they wouldn't be smashed. Women miscarried and bled. And then the army would come in with a hose, wash the plane out, and go back and do it again."

More than 600,000 people were relocated this way, and 100,000 died in the savage transport. Last spring, 70,000 people were being moved this way each week. Today, the resettlement program has slowed while another plan, called "villagization," which will move 33 million Ethiopians, more than three-quarters of the population, to state villages, has been stepped up.

The terrible truth of what is really going on in Ethiopia has been kept an ugly secret among the relief agencies who are in business there. It is a business that some don't want to see end or have jeopardized.

"We've put years into Ethiopia," says Brian Bird of the World Vision organization. "We cannot in good conscience sacrifice all that work to make a grand political point. We are guests of that government, and our entire program rests upon their approval."

"If they start raising a ruckus or shifting their policy around, they'll lose their money from the public," countered a field worker, who asked not to be named. "Then their own bread won't be buttered."

"People should be more discriminating," said an official at the US Agency for International Development, who spoke on the agreement he not be named. "They should say, 'As awful as this is, and even though we're partially condemning a lot of people to



U.N. Photo/John Isaac



Grassroots Int'l/Chris Carter

The relentless tragedy of famine claimed thousands of victims who are buried (above) by their families in Bati, while those who avoided slow death by starvation escaped the fury of the Ethiopian army by fleeing across the border to Sudan.



The reality of aid in Ethiopia is the reality of war, forced resettlements of millions, concentration camps and bombings.

a lot of suffering, resources are scarce, there are other people who would be able to use them more wisely, and we should shift the aid in that direction."

"I take the position that aid should be stopped until the situation can be turned around," says Bonnie Holcomb. "More lives can be saved by stopping aid."

The dilemma creates a compromise that is a chilling reminder of the deal struck between Adolph Eichmann and American Jews during World War II. Suffering a shortage of trucks to ship Jews to the death camps, Eichmann reached an agreement with a number of wealthy Jews in the United States: For every truck they provided him, he would free 100 selected Polish Jews. Assured that they were saving hundreds of lives, they didn't realize until too late that they actually helped send thousands of other Jews to their deaths.

"That," says Bonnie Holcomb, "is the moral dilemma that I see [facing] Live Aid and other people who are getting involved in this thing blindly."

In London's West End, Live Aid's executive director, Penny Jenden, is near exhaustion. After several weeks in Africa, she's just emerged from an all-day advisory session, sifting through the more than 600 proposals for projects to be funded out of Live Aid's enormous bankroll.

"We really can't justify not getting involved," she says, "so we're constantly making deals with the devil. But we're trying to limit our deals and be very careful that the money we have been given and are spending goes directly to the people that need it. If, in the long term, that means that it's in line with the Ethiopian government policy, that is something we can't afford to weigh our decisions on. Our decisions are based on where the need is."

The burden of being the conscience of millions is beginning to wear on Jenden. "It might sound glib, but these decisions have taken us a long time to make. And they are our decisions for better or worse," she says. "So far, we're confident that we've made the right choices. I mean, who can say what

we'll think in 10 years time?"

As Jenden speaks, Bob Geldof, Midge Ure, (cowriter of "Do They Know it's Christmas?"), and others in Live Aid are posing in Sport Aid T-shirts at an athletic track in south London. Meanwhile, it is Jenden who runs the Live Aid operation and wrestles with the difficult choices.

"Aid has always got political ramifications," she says. "Just as famine has. It's not just a matter of feeding people and that's where the story ends."

Asked what it would take to bring the starvation of millions in Ethiopia to an end, Jenden faces a hard truth and says, "Well, you would either have to be the Ethiopian government or the Russians."

Ten miles off Ethiopia's 620-mile coastline on the Red Sea sits a tiny cluster known as the Dahlak Archipelago, lazy tropical islands in sunsplashed seclusion. The quiet is routinely broken by the movements of heavily armed military ships and the whirring of radar antennas. Workers in jumpsuits rush about constructing an ominous structure—a strategic missile site.

This idyllic setting in the Red Sea has slowly been transformed into the powerful base of operations of the real force behind the Ethiopian government's war with its own people: the Russians. From here, Russian engineers monitor all activities in the region, poised to put a choke-hold on the vital shipping traffic in the business end of the Suez Canal.

Since their arrival in Ethiopia less than 10 years ago, the Russians have turned what US officials claimed would be their "Vietnam of Africa" into a decisive strategic advantage. Today, they have a powerful presence in the Horn of Africa. They've provided the Mengistu government with a stockpile of chemical

Bombing and napalm attacks are routine in Eritrea, forcing most people to travel at night and build underground homes to escape the effects of the Russian weapons.

weapons and more than \$4 billion worth of heavy arms. There are 5,000 to 8,000 Russian military advisors in Ethiopia. Today, the riverfront capital of Addis Ababa, displaying giant portraits of Lenin, Marx, and Engels high above Revolution Square, has come to be known as "Moscow on the Awash."

Until 1977, the United States was the superpower doing business with Ethiopia, operating a strategic telecommunications center and enjoying a friendly Red Sea coastline for 25 years. But when the US refused to meet the high demands for military aid by the new government that had toppled Haile Selassie, the Soviets moved into Ethiopia.

Famine relief in Ethiopia is being largely dictated by foreign policy—the US's and the Soviet Union's. All US relief efforts in Ethiopia are coordinated by the National Security Council, and the Reagan Administration does not take well to shoring up a Russian stronghold. A secret White House report dated May 5, 1984, indicates that the Administration was aware of a "disaster situation" in Ethiopia, but chose to keep hands off for political reasons. The Administration accused the Ethiopians of selling what little grain the United States had committed to Ethiopia to the Russians to purchase military supplies. Given a free hand, the Russians have directed Mengistu's ugly resettlement campaign and charted the strategy for collective farming, something which history has repeatedly shown only works as an effective way of suppressing and dominating a population. According to Terry Norr, who has been a relief worker in Ethiopia for 13 years, "Food is a tool being used by the government" in its war against the rebels. Caught in the middle are the innocent peasant farmers and women and children who are being snatched from their farmlands, separated from their families, forced into the military, or placed on government-run collective farms far from their homes.

If you're going to cock it up, you might as well do it in front of billions of people," Bob Geldof said at the time of the enormous Live Aid show. Without this sort of brash enthusiasm, the whole thing never would have gotten off the ground. While others clicked their tongues, shook their heads, or even turned off their television sets, Geldof tried to change things. And what he's done is more than any other single person has attempted in recent memory. Live Aid has brought in more than \$100 million and is still raising funds through a myriad of events—Fashion Aid, School Aid, On Line Aid (for the computer industry), and last month's Sport Aid. In addition, Live Aid claims to have generated another \$3 billion from governments worldwide, much of these funds slated to feed the hungry in Ethiopia.

But while the picture Geldof saw was one-sided, it had other dimensions. People are dying in Ethiopia because of starvation. But throwing money and food at the problem without consideration of the politics that is keeping people and food apart is inexcusable.

"It's a dilemma," says Marty Rogol, executive director of USA for Africa. "We've tried to find things that could only be used for humanitarian purposes. Do you know what the problem is? I don't think there are any answers. There are only hard choices."

Right now, Live Aid is faced with more than hard choices in the form of proposals by various agencies for a piece of more than \$60 million that is allotted for long-term development projects in six African countries, including Ethiopia.

"But," says Jason Clay, "long-term aid is the scariest kind."

"You've just got to sift through the proposals carefully and try to be a catalyst and throw your money into things that are correct and proper," advises Terry Norr. "And correctness here is not black and white. Correct in Ethiopia is a value judgment."

"If the public gets out of [contributing to aid], then the governments can drop it," says Kevin Jenden, former director of operations for Live Aid. "And if they drop it, it will come back again. And in 10 years time,



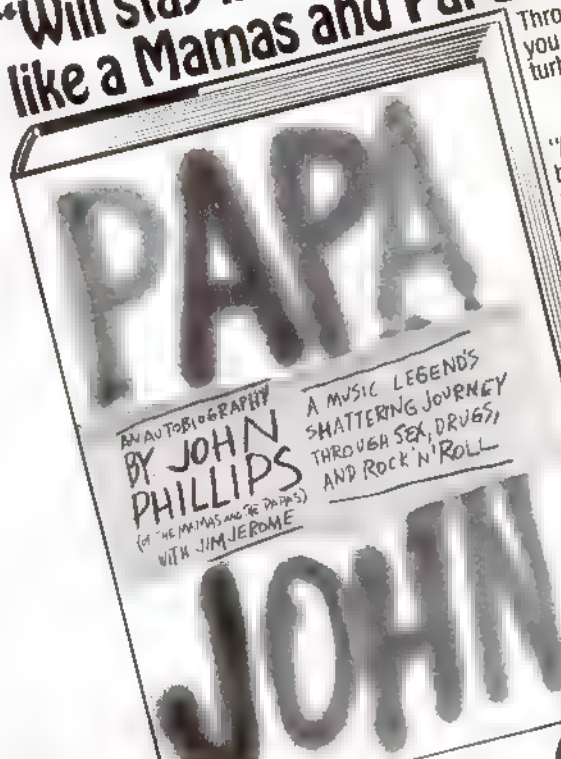
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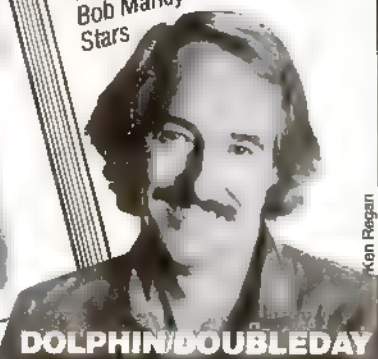


Through the prism of his experience, you get a salty fix on the cultural turbulence of the Sixties."

—Pete Bonventre, author of *I Never Played the Game*

"All the debased dreams, despoiled beauty and dashed promise accumulated in rock and roll's basement over the last thirty years is exhumed in this fierce, journalist-assisted memoir of folly repaid. PAPA JOHN makes Up and Down with the Rolling Stones read like a parson's desk diary."

—Timothy White, author of *Catch a Fire: The Life of Bob Marley and Rock Stars*



Ken Regan

DOLPHIN/DOUBLEDAY

"Food given to Ethiopia has served as bait in a trap that is part of the ongoing program to restructure its society."



U.N. Photo/John Isaac



U.N. Photo/John Isaac



U.N. Photo/John Isaac

when the famine comes back again, people won't be able to say, 'You know, we didn't know about it,' because we do know."

If "correct" in Ethiopia is a value judgment, then the millions of people who have been influenced by Live Aid should be given more than the party line—that dollars feed starving people. We should be told the truth. Because if we're not, and if events in Ethiopia go the way that groups like Cultural Survival and Medicins sans Frontières are predicting, in 10 years we may be saying "You know, we didn't know about it."

Dr. Claude Malhuret, director of MSF, is trying to prevent that from happening. Few people have heard of Malhuret because he's not a worldwide celebrity, but what he says is powerful. He compares Ethiopia today with Nazi Germany in 1938 and Khmer Rouge Kampuchea in 1977. "The situation is so bad," he says, "that no one should collaborate. We must denounce it."

To force the farmers off the land and into resettlement camps, government troops brutally invaded and scorched the once fertile land of Eritrea, already wracked by the pain of drought, famine, and starvation.

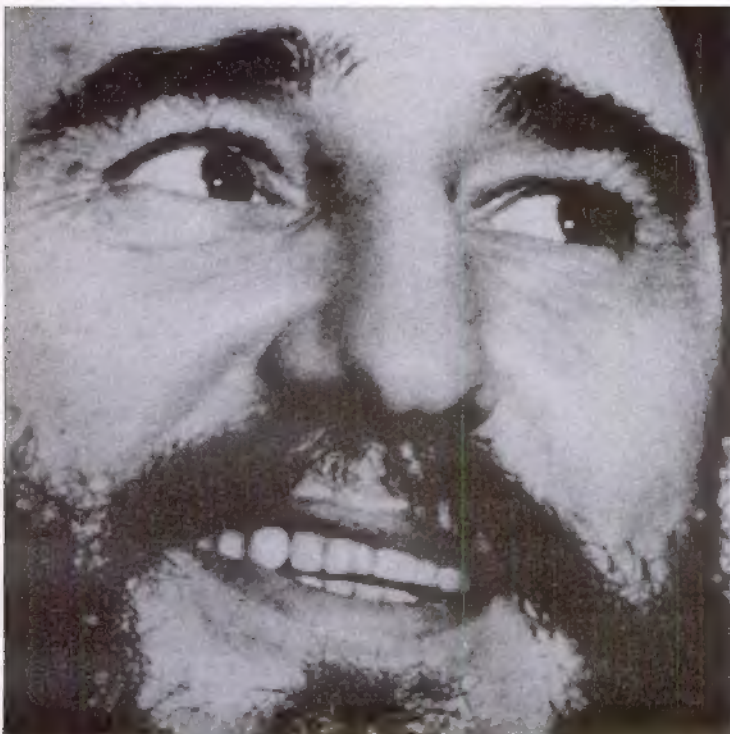
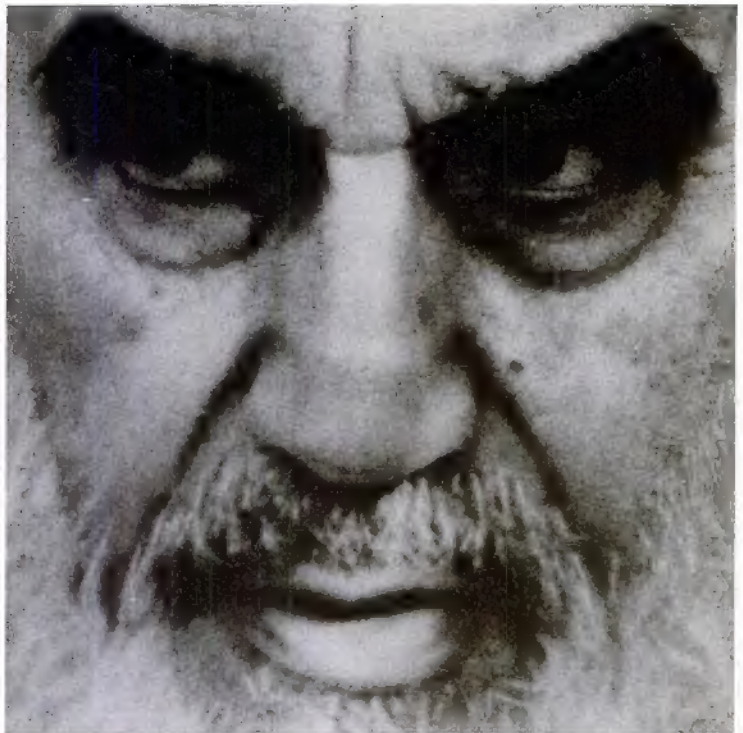
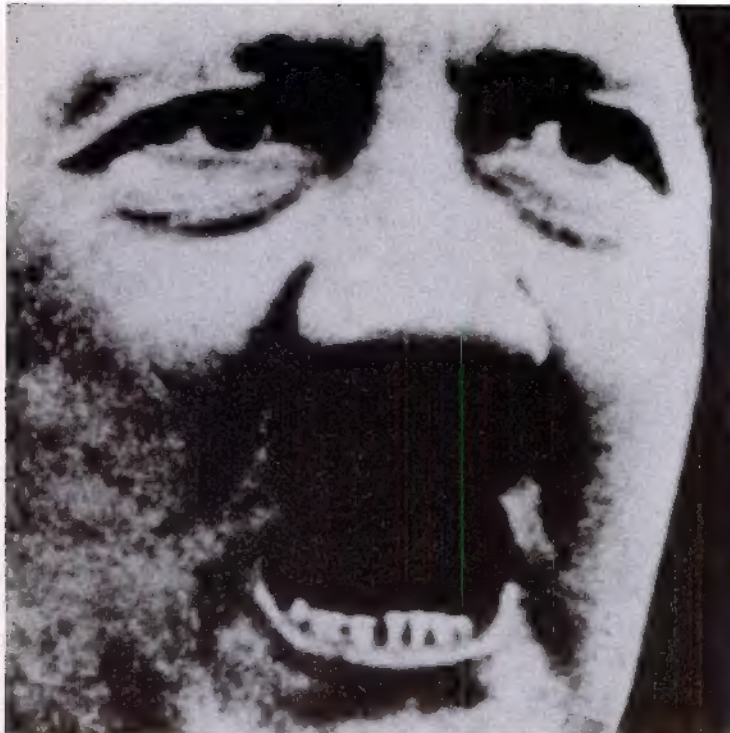
In late January and February 1986, Bob Geldof was busy. Lunching with French president François Mitterrand to discuss new programs for aid to Africa, planning the massive Sport Aid for late May, and pushing School Aid—his program to present young kids a simple picture of the story in Africa. Geldof seems to be working tirelessly and imaginatively to raise more dollars, but he must know by now the dark currency they will become in Ethiopia.

On the evening of March 8, in the northern Ethiopian village of Alamata, workers for World Vision, one of the primary recipients of Live Aid assistance, had just finished dinner in their compound. A pack of Tigrean rebels burst in, forcing the workers to the floor, ransacked the offices and mess hall, and as they began backing out, lowered their guns and fired. Several relief workers were wounded, and a young nutrition assistant and a nurse were killed.

Part of School Aid is a package that school children receive which tells them about the causes of famine, the world's interdependence, and how the future will be brighter for the children of Africa.

It doesn't tell them about the war. It doesn't tell them about the thousands who die on the resettlement trails. It doesn't tell them about the young nutrition assistant and the nurse.

It doesn't tell them the truth.



THE EXPERTS AGREE THAT CENSORSHIP WORKS

The experts have always agreed that censorship is the single best way to promote agreement on an idea. Even on a bad idea. Censorship worked in Nazi Germany, and censorship works today in Iran, Cuba and the Soviet Union.

Today, a few so-called "decency" groups are trying to make censorship work in America. These people feel that if you aren't allowed to watch "dangerous" television

programs like "Mash" and "The Day After," or read "immoral" magazines like *Ms.* and *Penthouse* or books like *Ulysses* and *Huckleberry Finn*, our nation will be a better place.

Fortunately, in America you don't have to trust your freedom to "experts." You have the freedom to say No to censorship. Say it today—tomorrow may be too late.

Freedom is everybody's business.

This message is sponsored by Penthouse Magazine.



Liberty Talking

It's her birthday, and she'll cry if she wants to.

Poem by Glenn O'Brien

Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free. The wretched refuse of your teeming shores. Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed, to me. I lift my lamp beside the golden door!

Give me your burned-out, your friendless, your listless, your aimless, your convicted, your deported, your escaped, your unstable, your retired, your sick, your contagious, your withdrawn, and while you're at it, give me your unwanted fetuses yearning to be free.

Give me your stressed, your overworked, your underpaid. Give me your suckers, your marks, your customers. Give me your symptoms, give me your trust, give me your money.

Give me your malcontents, your bad eggs, your miscreants, your bad seeds, your hard cases, and your students and persona non grata.

Give me your psychos, your junkies and hypochondriacs.

Give me your free spirits, your space cadets, and your fashion victims.

Give me your lettuce-pickers, your scabs, your second-story men, your professional pickets and mourners.

Give me your vagabonds, your hobos, your burns, your panhandlers, your winos, and your derelicts. Send me Typhoid Mary.

Give me your sore, your blistered, your combination skin.

Give me liberty or give me . . . a pigfoot and a bottle of gin.

Give me your black sheep, your lost souls, your public enemies and desperadoes.

Give me your scumbags, your ass kissers, your sportswriters and children of the devil.

Give me your obese, your ungainly, your pimpled and unsightly.

Give me your armless, your legless, your basket cases, your wheelchair bound, and your high rollers.

Give me your woebegone, your sad sacks, your devastated, and your bored to death.

Give me your credit risks, your ex-cons, and your outpatients.

Give me your horse thieves, your safecrackers, and your art directors.

Give me your failed experiments, your vegetables, and your brain dead.

Give me your chinks, your spics, your micks and dagos. Give me your niggers, your pygmies, and the wild man from Borneo. Give me your fags, your dykes, your macho pigs, your dorks, your bimbos, your Don Juans, your studs, your assholes, your nerds, your ginks, dinks, slopes, and gooks. Give me your pencil-necked geeks, and make it snappy.

Give me your devastated, give me your mortified, your humiliated, your abject, and your sluts.

Give me your dictators, their wives, and their entourages.

Give me your hangers on, give me your guest list. Give me a urine sample.

Give me your gays, your straights, your underage, your thrill seekers, your tricks, and your johns. Give me your artists, your models, your pimps and pushers, and your dirty drug money. Give me your bootleg items from Taiwan. Give me your stepped-on drugs, give me your laundered money and your counterfeit Hermes scarf.

Give me your Visa, your MasterCard, your American Express.

Give me your wallet and your car keys. Spread your legs.

Give me your necktie, your belt, and your shoelaces.

Give me your attention. Give me your name, your social security number, and your national origin. Give me your passport, your driver's license, or something with your picture on it.

Give me a break.

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